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SKETCHES

FROM

NATURE.

VOL. II.

DEC
71

SKETCHES

FROM

NATURE;

TAKEN, AND COLOURED, IN A

JOURNEY TO MARGATE.

PUBLISHED FROM THE

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By GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

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71

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

THE APOLOGY.

IT is much eaſier to read a book, than to write one;—and ſhould any ſceptical gentleman doubt this propoſition, I wiſh, for his own ſatisfaction, he would make the experiment.

—A reader may, either with or without his ſpectacles, as he and his eyes can ſettle it, travel through a volume juſt at what rate he pleaſes, or ſtop ſhort the inſtant that he finds

his road unentertaining; but a poor devil of an author muſt go on with the utmoſt caution,—looking backwards, and forwards, and ſideways, and endways—and hath buſineſs enough on his hands, to keep every thing tight together, that his work doth not tumble to pieces.—He is in truth, only the reader's pioneer, to clear all obſtructions, open his views, and render his way cheerful.—

As every advantage ſeems to be thrown on the reader's ſide, I muſt, as an author, contend, that there are ſome indulgences due to us.—I do not preſume to hint, that we have the privilege of taking a nap, becauſe our reader hath; on the contrary, it is incumbent on us to keep his eyes open as long as poſſible, as his ſleep may be death to us;—but ſurely, while

we

we are buſied in entertaining him, we may be allowed a little recreation ourſelves,—and if a delicious meadow, or a tempting piece of greenſward, lies by the road-ſide, what literary code is there, to prohibit our taking a canter over it, though it lie out of the *ſtraight line* of our journey?—For my own part, whenever the old horſe I ride hath a mind for a friſk, either to the right, or the left, I feel that I muſt, and will, indulge his humour, in ſpite of all the canons of criticiſm.—As long as it is natural, they may fire and welcome.—

—Now *ſtraight lines* are, and ever were, my averſion;—my writing-maſter could never tempt me when a child, to uſe them;—they may ſerve admirably well for rulers—walking-ſticks—maſts—or may-poles,—but

the *line of beauty* diſavows them.—The FRENCH, it is true, lay out their roads by them, becauſe their notions of liberty and property, allow them to cut through any thing,—but ours in this country, being more delicate on the ſubject, it is by many curves —and windings—and pleaſant turnings, that we get from town to town.—In ſhort, *ſtraight lines* are now abſolutely exploded,—they are not found to lead to the preferments of the world;—nor do hereditary virtues, or fortunes, run any longer in them!—Every road from BERWICK upon TWEED to PENZANCE, is *zig-zag*—every modern walk and plantation, *zig-zag*,—every avenue about court, *zig-zag*,—and ſo too are all our ideas;—nay, and what is much to be lamented, ſo are all our lives too.—

—And this is that which frets their reverences ſo much; and will, to the end of time, furniſh us with new volumes of ſermons.—

—However diſguſting to the eye the *ſtraight line* may appear, yet any digreſſion from it, which, after a little curve, reverts into it; becomes a pleaſing form;—and ſhould digreſſions interſect the *ſtraight line* on the other ſide alſo, the whole united, takes nearly the figure of MERCURY's *Caduceus*, which is indiſputably the true *ſerpentine*, and the fineſt model to write by;—and beſides, being perfectly *antique*, you had better go to bed, be you who you will, than open your mouth againſt it.—

—Having ſaid thus much in ſupport of an author's privilege, and at the ſame time, in favor of *occaſional*

digreſſions, not only in my own work,—but in any work,—or in every work,—I beſeech the reader, ſhould he chance to ſee me ſet off on a ſudden, that he would not halloo after me, but that he will conclude, I am in purſuit of ſomething for his ſervice,—and conſider that every writer knows, or ſhould know, his way home, and is bound to take care of his own neck.—

—And now, COURTEOUS READER, let us ſet forward once more together.—If thou really haſt a claim to the appellation I have given thee, thou art juſt the perſon I am looking for, whenever I ſet pen to paper:—but if, on the contrary, thou haſt refined away thy power of being pleaſed;—if thou canſt ſacrifice thy feelings to rules,—and be out of humour at

every

every little thing that may happen amiſs—e'en let us ſeparate the firſt ſhort turning we come to; for I would not travel with thee, though thou ſhouldſt defray my expences to the world's end.—

THE HOY.

I WISH, from my heart, I had given it the gentleman, thought I!—as a perſon who ſat next to me at LANGFORD'S, was chaffering for a book, which he wiſhed for, in a lot of ſeveral I had juſt bought,—for whilſt he was peſtering me about proportioning the purchaſe money, I inattentively miſſed another lot that ſoon followed, which was a very ſcarce SPANISH romance, I had long been in queſt of, and had come purpoſely to buy; which was ſnapped up by a *book-fancier*, merely on account of its ſcarcity, for he knew not a word of the language it was wrote in.—

I am at this inſtant almoſt in the ſame ſituation; for while I have been capitulating

capitulating with the reader,—or as the law would term it, ſettling articles of agreement with him, here is the devil and all to do in MARGATE;—half a dozen men tied up in ſacks, and hopping for a pig—three jack-aſſes running for a CHESHIRE cheeſe,—and a ſmock-race on the ſands,—and all the world there,—whilſt the prize, decorated with ribbands, is carried in proceſſion on a pole, like a popiſh relique.—Every circumſtance of life is proportionate;—the *Golden Pippin* on Mount IDA did not more agitate the three *Celeſtial* competitors, than this little object did our three *terreſtrial* ones here.—Happy ſhe who conquers!—as the laſs with a ſhift to her back, ſtands a far better chance for preferment, than ſhe who has none.—And ſee the victrix has it ſlipped over her

running

running dreſs, and marches off triumphant,—with a drum before her —and a mob at her heels !—

But this is not half the buſtle; for two HOYS are juſt arrived from LONDON, their decks covered with new comers, and all MARGATE running down to the *Pier-head* to ſee them land.—I doubt whether I am ſtout enough to run too,—but I will be amongſt them as faſt as I can walk.—If I lean over this rail, I ſhall ſee them all come aſhore.—

Mercy on me !—I think the whole city of LONDON is aboard of ſhip !—ſix !—eight !—ten !—twenty !—thirty ! fifty !—ſeventy !—I can never go on reckoning at this rate.—What !—are all the ſhops ſhut up ?—

—Or have you been all *bit*, good people ?—

—Or

—Or are you come here to be *bit?* —The wind has been dreadfully againſt you the whole way!—

—Why, as faſt as the boats fill, the deck is covered again with new faces that riſe out of the hold!—There is no end of it!—I will poſitively count no more.—Nay, ladies, you need not ſay how ſick you have been, —your looks will vouch for you.—A tedious paſſage,—high ſea,—all the pumps continually going,—and no room to ſtir, even to the ſhip's ſide, on neceſſary calls—it is monſtrouſly inconvenient!—but it is *a party of pleaſure*, and that is enough.—

Ha!—What is your Worſhip come down too?—and Madam?—and little Miſs?—pray take care how you get up the ſteps.—All for the water, I ſuppoſe?—Bleſs me, and I ſee yonder your

your thrifty neighbour the Common-Council Man on the deck—he has made the voyage, I perceive, in his night cap, and is now pulling his wig from his great-coat pocket, in order to effect a decent landing.—

Give that fat lady, in the *Brunſwick*, your arm, my lad;—don't you ſee how lame ſhe is?—poor ſoul!—ſcarce a leg to ſtand on.—If the ſea can ſet her upright, it muſt work a miracle!—

Conſidering the freight, and the live ſtock, theſe veſſels have brought down, I am in aſtoniſhment where they could ſtow ſo many odd bundles, and bandboxes beſides.—Why there is two at leaſt to every paſſenger,—filled, no doubt, with all the neweſt-faſhioned curls, — pompoons —caps,—and apologies for caps.—We ſhall certainly have a general review

view of them at MITCHENER's next Ball,—and the heads they belong to—and the people who own the heads.—

But now all the world is ſcampering another way after two coaches and four, and three poſt-chaiſes;—butchers,—bakers,—hair-dreſſers,—and milliners,—running in a cloud of duſt at their ſide; and all the bathers elbowing each other, and contending for the honour of ducking the company who are in them.—

—The more the merrier, if you can but find beds to creep into.—Well,—it is a mighty pleaſant thing to be on one's travels,—and nothing ſo faſhionable—for ſick, or well, no body ſtays at home.—

I am glad, however, that I have got the ſtart of ſome of you, and am not juſt ſetting out on mine.—

THE

THE RIDE.

I GROW weary of the traveller, who peſters one with every thing he ſees; carrying his pen and ink, like an *exciſeman*, at his button-hole, to minute down his obſervations on every gutter he croſſes. — There is ſcarcely any conſiderable object, between SHOOTER'S HILL and MOUNT ÆTNA, which hath not been deſcribed, well, or ill, by ſome author or other; —a hint ſtrong enough to determine me to deſcribe nothing profeſſedly,— but to travel and write in my own way, which I can demonſtrate to be the very beſt way yet hit on, and attended with the leaſt fatigue to thoſe who travel with one.

—Whoever gives long, or laboured deſcriptions,

deſcriptions, loads his reader with a quantity of *matter of fact* which lies a dead weight on his head, as he goes on, and which many indeed have not a head to bear;—but by offering him no more than SKETCHES, his imagination (ſhould the out-lines be judiciouſly taken) is complimented, and ſet at work; buſied to fill up all the lights and ſhades, and give every part its true tone of colouring.—

Wherever I turn my eye, NATURE is the great object it fixes on.—I catch all the little incidents ſhe throws in my way,—whether they ariſe from her *ſilent ſcenes* that ſolicit our admiration, or from her *active ones* that intereſt our paſſions.—This ſteady attention to all her movements, renders my walks and my rides luxurious;—I contemplate with delight the ſimplicity

plicity of the cottager, and all the domeſtic occurrences of artleſs life—not a ſhell, or a ſea-weed, that the wave throws on the ſhore; not a wild flower that illumines the corn-field, nor a butterfly that flutters acroſs my horſe's head, but awakens ſome agreeable idea in my mind.—

La Pierre when he is riding with me, often interrupts me with his officious care; and conceives I am not well when I ſtop ſhort on a ſudden, to muſe over any of theſe trivial circumſtances.—He has ſo much *naïveté* and good humour, that one cannot be diſpleaſed with him; and too much of the Frenchman to comprehend what it is that engages me.—The *je ne vois rien*, which is his common reply, may come as naturally from the mouth of many of my readers, who

who are daily treading under foot, or paſſing by unnoticed, the little objects which contribute to my entertainment.—

The reaſon is, that their eyes are looking another way.—

Ah! voilà mon païs! cries LA PIERRE, with an emphaſis that ſhewed the exclamation was warm from his heart.—So I knew *which way his eyes were looking*—for I was juſt then riding in a moſt lovely evening, on that beautiful terrace that runs from the NORTH FORELAND, to BROAD-STAIRS, with the FRENCH coaſt ſtretched in full view before me.—My mind kindled with delight at the ſight of the azure expanſe of waters beneath me, and the many buſy white ſails that were cutting their way acroſs it.—The radiance of the ſetting ſun deſcending

in flames of gold, gave a glow to every thing around—the inmoſt receſſes of my breaſt felt its warmth.—

I wonder, ſays La Pierre, what they are doing juſt now at Amiens?—

—Why undoubtedly cloſing ſuch a day as this with a dance.—

—And dancing at Paris,—and at Lyons,—and in the plains of Languedoc—and along the ſhore of Marseille—and in the Moon too, for any thing we know to the contrary.—

Vive la joie—a cheerful heart can never be a bad one!—

—The deuce take this poor fellow's inquiſitiveneſs, for ſtarting up all theſe ideas, for now that he has got me as far as Marseille, I am in the midſt of all their *baſtides* and *orangeries*, and all the glitter and perfume

ſume of that enchanting coaſt!—and I am dancing with them, under their mulberry-trees, to the tabour and pipe;—and my ear is full of their little ſprightly airs,—and my mind crowded with a thouſand occurrences that befell me there.—

— Well, *vive la joie encore*;—and as memory, ſays I, can ride poſt at this rate, I'll often have a peep at you, and dance with you again, and again.—

Thou art a happy, lively, ſenſible people!—Thy country teems with men of genius, who cultivate thoſe arts which embelliſh life; and that eaſe of manners which ſweetens ſociety!—when nature hath placed us ſo near each other, I grieve we ſhould be ſo frequently foes!—

A plague on the paltry intereſts of

the world!—that the catching a little fiſh in another quarter of the globe, or a conteſt for a little dominion, in a land of ſavages, ſhould arm nation againſt nation,—make them ſuſpend all the graces of courteſy,—and involve ſuch legions of wretches in the complicated miſeries of war!—

THE OLD SERVANT.

THE reflected light from the white cliffs of FRANCE, on which my eyes were fixed, made them appear to preſs forward on my ſight; and while my imagination was taking a friſk from the STREIGHTS OF DOVER, to the MEDITERRANEAN, and dropping a ſigh, over political neceſſity—I found I had thrown the reins of my horſe on his neck, who had taken the advantage of my inattention, to pick up a little clover that grew by the way-ſide.—

—Nay,—if it be thy will, old companion, ſays I, e'en take the other bite;—the farmer will be never the poorer for the mouthful thou ſhalt carry away;—did he know thy good

qualities, he would let thee eat thy fill.—

—I will not interrupt thy pleaſurable moments,—ſo prithee feed on.—Long have I wiſhed an occaſion to record thy deſerts, thou faithful old ſervant! — It now preſents itſelf, — and thou ſhalt have a page in my book, though it provoke the ſneer of the critic.—It is thy due, for thou haſt given me health.—Full many a year haſt thou journeyed with me, through the uneven ways of the world! —We have tugged up many a ſteep hill, and borne the buffet of the tempeſt together!—I have had the labours of thy youth, and thy age hath a claim on me, which, while I have ſixpence in my pocket, I dare not refuſe.—

—Thou ſhalt not, when thy ſtrength

is

is exhauſted, be conſigned to poverty and toil!—or, as thou paſſeſt by my door, laſhed on by ſome unfeeling owner, look at me with the ſevere eye of reproach!—

—Had THAT HAND, which faſhioned us both, endued thy ſpecies with the faculty of ſpeech, in what bitterneſs of heart would they complain of the ingratitude of ours!—

—In the wide extent of the animal reign, there ſcarce exiſts an object from which man may not borrow ſome uſeful hint;—thou, my truſty friend, haſt offered me no inconſiderable one;—thou never aimedſt to appear what thou waſt not;—a ſteady walk, or a cheerful trot, was all thou attemptedſt—nay, perhaps it was as much as thy maſter himſelf aſpired to;—and when remembrance ſhall be

weighing thy merits, the ſcale ſhall turn in thy favor, when I reflect, that thou ſcornedſt to deſert the path of *nature* for the perilous one of *affectation!*—

—Is it not owing to this error, that ſo many *nags*, whom Providence had deſtined for the *plough*, or the *ſhaft*, are daily provoking *a horſe-laugh* in the world, by awkwardly ſtriving to imitate the graces of the *turf*, or the caprioles of the *manage?*

THE

THE STORY OF MARIANNE.

AS I devoted moſt of my afternoons to CLERMONT, and his family,—on calling in, this evening, I found AMELIA had ſent MARIANNE to the rooms, with ſome young people of her acquaintance.—I have almoſt been compelled, ſays ſhe, to force her out;—ſhe loves retirement much more than I wiſh her to do—I think her ſpirits, though commonly very good, require ſometimes the relaxation of public ſcenes, to divert them from the recollection of domeſtic events, which are every now and then painful to her.—And yet, if it is not to accompany me, it is with the utmoſt difficulty, I can prevail on her to mix in the world.

—I believe, in general, ſaid I, Madam, that young and ingenuous minds, whoſe expectations of it have been ſomewhat deceived, are not eaſily brought to be on good terms with it again :—the hope of youth is ardent, and its ſenſibility proportionably acute.—

—I fear, indeed, returned AMELIA, that ſuch have been her impreſſions; and as ſhe has a heart faſhioned for all the virtues of ſociety, I moſt earneſtly wiſh to ſee them effaced.—I know ſhe entertains the higheſt opinion of you, and is much flattered by the attention you have ſhewn her;—a few hints therefore from you, when opportunity offers, would, I am perſuaded, have great weight with her;—and as we are now alone, if my brother will take up the news-paper,

and

and ſuſpend his party for half an hour, I will add a few particulars to the general idea I have given you before, of her ſituation; and ſhe ſhall know from me, that you are apprized of the whole.—

—When my much-loved friend, her mother, died, ſhe left only two children, — MARIANNE, who had then juſt compleated her ſixteenth year, and her brother EDMUND, who was three-and-twenty;—but ſo oppoſite were their characters, that no one who knew them intimately, could have ſuppoſed they ſprang from the ſame parents.—She, all tenderneſs and undiſguiſed nature;—he, a compound of artifice, and meanneſs,—guiding every action by avarice and intereſt, but varniſhing his deportment with ſo much

much plauſibility, that his hypocriſy not only deceived the world into a favourable opinion of him, but impoſed on the heart of his ſiſter, even though ſhe ſometimes doubted his conduct.

Though the father ſurvived his lady near four years, yet her loſs affected him ſo deeply, that his health began to decline apace.—EDMUND had ſo induſtriouſly practiſed on him, all his aſſumed powers to pleaſe, and was beſides on ſuch excellent terms with himſelf, that he doubted not but his merits would inevitably intitle him to the whole inheritance of his father's eſtate;—and as a ſiſter was a very inconſiderable object in a family, he conceived the trifling portion which would be allotted her, he might be eaſily

eaſily able to pay off, by his profeſſion at the bar, which began now to be profitable to him.

While EDMUND's vanity was nouriſhing theſe flattering ideas, the conduct of MARIANNE towards her father, was ſuch as is the natural reſult of the trueſt affection and duty.—Whether his penetration ever contraſted the real characters of his two children, we know not—he appeared to teſtify an equal regard to both;—but in the diſpoſition of his affairs, which was communicated to no one till his death, he acted differently from the generality of parents; who ſuffer their pride totally to ſubdue the feelings of nature, when, to aggrandize one child, they too often leave all the reſt who have been equally the objects of their tenderneſs, either in a ſtate of dependence,

dence, or bequeath them ſuch a diſproportionate proviſion, as they can but with the utmoſt difficulty, ſubſiſt on—a conduct, which, however it may be influenced by political views, hath ever appeared to be irreconcileable with parental tenderneſs.—

On my conſcience, ſiſter, ſays CLERMONT (taking his eyes from the newspaper he was reading) you argue this matter admirably well! — You will have all the younger children in the nation of the ſame opinion!—

—Prithee, brother, do not diſturb my ſtory.—

—Do not make it longer then than the *Evening-poſt*,—for I muſt have my party at back-gammon.—

THE STORY OF MARIANNE.

IMMEDIATELY on the father's death, reſumed AMELIA—who had never even hinted to his children, the teſtamentary diſpoſition he had made—EDMUND privately opened his will, and to his great aſtoniſhment, found his father had bequeathed the ſum of ten thouſand pounds to MARIANNE, chargeable on his eſtate, which was valued at about twenty-three thouſand,—leaving his ſon the eſtate, together with the ſum of two thouſand pounds, which he had in money.—

This ſo thoroughly diſconcerted EDMUND's views, that, availing himſelf of a declaration dropped from his ſiſter, that ſhe never had heard her father mention a will; he conceived the

the idea of concealing this, he had found; and it was preſumed in the family that there actually exiſted none; —but a duplicate having been depoſited by the father, in the hands of a friend, who was gone to ſettle ſome affairs at LISBON, at his return three months after, underſtanding that his old acquaintance was deceaſed during his abſence, he waited on the family with the counterpart, that had been entruſted to his care.—

This circumſtance threw EDMUND into ſuch a conſternation, as wanted an explanation, to thoſe who were witneſſes of it; though the real cauſe was ſometime after conjectured, when the other part of the will (to which there was a reference on the cover of the duplicate) was produced by EDMUND, and pretended to be found very obſcurely

obſcurely mixed, among ſome inſignificant papers of his father's.

MARIANNE had too much penetration not to be ſtartled at this accident;—it led her to ſuſpicions not very favourable to her brother,—but it offered her a noble and unexpected independency; and gave a heart ſo full of ſenſibility as her's, the higheſt joy; as it was the ſtrongeſt teſtimony of her father's having approved the duty and affection ſhe had ſhewn him.—

EDMUND began now to call in aid, that hypocriſy, of which he was ſo much maſter;—he affected to veil his diſappointment with great good humour,—he paid every poſſible attention to his ſiſter; and often expreſſed his ſatisfaction, at the proviſion his father had made for her.—At other

times, when he found opportunities that were favourable, he would put on a dejected air,—lament the concern he felt to part with the family eſtate, —which he acquainted her he muſt be under the neceſſity of doing, from his inability to keep it up, with ſuch a heavy charge as her fortune was, on it; which infinitely exceeded in proportion, the uſual diſpoſitions made to daughters,—that he had beſides contracted ſeveral large debts in his father's life-time, which would overſhadow all his future purſuits,—and in concluſion, that he ſaw no method by which he could be extricated from the many difficulties that preſſed him, unleſs MARIANNE would, from her affection to him, relinquiſh part of her claim.—He added, that no one was ſo near to her, as himſelf,—nor did his

modeſty ſcruple to hint, that half the ſum his father had bequeathed her, would command whatever a reaſonable woman could require.—

MARIANNE, who knew that the exact parſimony which directed EDMUND's conduct, by no means tallied with the declaration he had made concerning his private incumbrances, often felt the awkwardneſs of her ſituation;—it ſtartled—it embarraſſed her;—and her benevolence, ever more awake than her caution, prompted her one day, when he had renewed the ſame ſubject, to ſay, in general terms, that a brother's happineſs could not but influence her's,—that the generoſity of her father had been his own free act, and till the production of his will, totally unknown to her,—and that, ſhould any event in life

ariſe, in which ſhe could be inſtrumental to his welfare, he might reſt ſatisfied, ſhe ſhould retain a diſpoſition of being ſo.—

—Avarice often defeats its own deſigns, by purſuing them with an ill-judged ardour!—this was EDMUND's caſe,—who, conceiving that the kind avowal of his ſiſter would precipitate her into his ſtratagem, thought it now a favourable criſis to produce a deed that he had prepared;—whereby, from motives of affection, ſhe agreed, that in caſe his affairs ſhould require it, to accept of five thouſand pounds for her fortune, in lieu of the ten thouſand, bequeathed her by her father;—he affected indeed to give a plauſible colour to the propoſal, by ſaying, that it reſted on events very remote—that moſt probably he never ſhould

ſhould ſtand in need of it,—but only wiſhed that the deed ſhould remain as *a mark of love* between them.—

MARIANNE inſtantly ſaw through the deſign, and turned pale at the idea of its baſeneſs;—ſhe concealed however, in ſome meaſure, her indignation; and with as much compoſure as ſhe could ſummon, told EDMUND, that his propoſal was beyond her power to gratify;—and though you dignify it, ſays ſhe, with the appellation of *a mark of love*, yet believe me, brother, it is not only unworthy of you, but unworthy of me—it betrays a total diffidence in my honour, by endeavouring to fetter, with the obligations of law, any act of affection which ought only to be the reſult of inclination,—nor ſhould *compulſion*

ever effect that in my heart, which *choice* could not decide.—

EDMUND endeavoured to explain away the ill appearance of his deſign, by wiſhing her to think, it was only in conſequence of the good intentions which ſhe had teſtified towards him;—and MARIANNE retiring, left him in full poſſeſſion of thoſe feelings, which ariſe from the miſcarriage and detection of a diſhonourable action.—

As my young friend had been trained up by her deceaſed mother, to look on me with the moſt affectionate regard, ſhe had accuſtomed herſelf, on every occaſion, to open her heart to me without reſerve.—I perceived how much it was diſtreſſed by her brother's conduct; and having, immediately

immediately on her father's death, invited her to the protection of my roof, I now ſaw many reaſons to inſiſt on her accepting it without delay; —which ſhe accordingly ſoon did,— preſerving at the ſame time, all thoſe appearances, which we both of us wiſhed ſhould ſtill be maintained.

—I will not dwell longer on a character which can only afford pain to a man of your turn of mind; let me only add, that EDMUND had free acceſs to my houſe whenever he pleaſed, and continued to be received, if not with confidence, yet always with attention;—till an event aroſe, which of neceſſity precluded him from any future intercourſe with us.

—MARIANNE's father had teſtified a particular regard to a young man of good family, of the name of STER-

LING, with ſome of whoſe relations, he had been much connected; he had alſo ſufficient intereſt to introduce him ſo fortunately into the ſervice of the EAST INDIA *Company*, that by his abilities and good conduct, he was appointed to the command of a ſhip, at a much earlier period than young men in general attain ſuch promotion; and had, by the time her father died, made one voyage as captain, with great credit and advantage to himſelf, and was on his return from his ſecond.—

The grateful ſenſe he ever retained of her father's ſervices, made Captain STERLING, when at home, a frequent viſitor at the houſe; and it was about ſeven months before he returned from his ſecond voyage, that he loſt his friend and benefactor.—As his family

mily and mine, had alſo enjoyed a long intimacy, he was accuſtomed to call on me often; but I found his viſits now were more than uſually repeated; and ſoon perceived there was a perſon under my roof, that attracted him more ſtrongly than myſelf;—I thought alſo, that the attachment was apparently reciprocal on the part of my young friend,—and I ſaw it with infinite pleaſure—as I ſincerely wiſhed an union, which on both ſides bid ſo fair for happineſs.

Captain STERLING was about nine years older than MARIANNE; his figure was pleaſing and manly,—he poſſeſſed great delicacy of ſentiment,—and was one who governed his life by the principles of the niceſt honour;—he was as much enamoured of her mind, as of her perſon,—and his love

was

was poſſibly heightened by the idea of her being the daughter of a friend, whoſe kind offices he ever recollected with the warmeſt gratitude.—

Her affection was founded on a baſis equally firm:—She had known him long;—ſhe reſpected the amiableneſs of his character,—admired his cheerful, open temper,—and regarded him as a protector and companion, with whom ſhe could, hand in hand, ſecurely tread the paths of future life.—It was a contract, uncontaminated on either ſide by intereſt;—and as their wills depended on themſelves, they had nothing but their own hearts to conſult.—

—There was only one obſtacle, which prevented the immediate completion of their wiſhes:—The reputation that Captain STERLING had acquired

quired among the *Directors*, had procured him ſoon after his return, a nomination to go out to MADRASS and CHINA, which is generally regarded as the moſt lucrative ſtation to be named to,—and he was appointed to command the INGOT, eſteemed the fineſt ſhip in the *Company's* ſervice.—As this was to be his laſt voyage, and that which would compleat his fortune, there were many reaſons to induce them to defer their intended marriage till his return, which would not exceed eighteen, or twenty months, and which is now in a few weeks expected.—

—I hope, ſiſter, ſays CLERMONT, turning round, that you will ſoon releaſe my friend, from the corner, where you have penned him up—I am got within ſight of the *worm cakes*

and

and the *anodyne necklace*—but, however finiſh your ſtory.—

—As this intended union, continued AMELIA, wore ſo fair a face to thoſe who moſt wiſhed its completion, though it diſconcerted the ſecret hopes which EDMUND ſtill entertained of getting part of his ſiſter's fortune, yet it precluded him from ſhewing any diſapprobation of it;—he affected to be greatly pleaſed,—and to the few, who knew him as well as I did, he even made himſelf ridiculous by his over-acted ſatisfaction,—though all this was put on but the better to conceal his deſigns, which were as ill concerted, as they were baſe.

—There is evermore, Madam, ſaid I, a ſtrange degree of weakneſs, which accompanies the actions of bad men; and

and it often ſeems, by this unguarded part of their conduct, that Providence makes them the inſtruments of their own detection!—

Your remark, replied AMELIA, was fully juſtified in EDMUND, who, ſome time after Captain STERLING's departure, began to ſpeak of him in cooler terms than he was wont; frequently throwing out in converſation with his ſiſter,—that the diſpoſitions of gentlemen trained to the ſea, partook much of the unſteadineſs of the element they ſail over;—that they were in reality as little to be relied on, being fond of forming attachments in every port;—and after thus gradually awakening her mind to diſtruſt, intimated, under the ſanction of confidence, that he had reaſon to believe there was one already ſubſiſting between

tween her admirer, and a Miſs DANVERS, whom the Captain had taken out with him to MADRASS;—that however unpleaſant the taſk was, his own fraternal affection prompted him to hint thus much; and to add, that the conſtancy of his own ſex could not be much boaſted of; and that the woman who built her happineſs on the fidelity of a huſband, knew not to how ſlight a hold ſhe truſted her peace.—

This was probably juſt the point his artifice led to,—his aim being firſt to raiſe doubts of her lover, the tranſition from which, to coolneſs, would by no means be unnatural,—and if her preſent engagement could be diverted, it was poſſible, that diſappointment might make her cautious of forming a ſecond.—At all events, it

it was a chance in his favour;—and I was much ſurpriſed when ſhe communicated to me what had paſſed, to perceive that EDMUND had by his addreſs ſo practiſed on her mind, as to have greatly ſtaggered her in her opinion of STERLING.—The ſuppoſed indignity diſturbed her;—and the goodneſs of her own heart, left her too unguarded againſt the duplicity of her brother.

I repreſented to MARIANNE, that the warmth of her affection muſt have betrayed her into this ill-founded alarm, and made her inattentive to the channel through which it was communicated; — that as to Miſs DANVERS, I knew enough of her, totally to diſcredit the illiberal ſcandal, —that ſhe had a firſt couſin at MADRASS, who, having acquired a conſiderable

ſiderable fortune, had ſolicited her, and her mother (who were his neareſt relations) to come over, and ſettle near him,—that the mother was ever eſteemed a ſenſible, diſcreet lady,—and as this appeared to me, to be a moſt injurious aſperſion, I aſſured her, that I would, for our mutual ſatisfaction, endeavour to trace it to its ſource.

—There being a ſhip on the point of ſailing, which was deſtined immediately to MADRASS, there was a chance of its reaching that place nearly as ſoon as the INGOT; whoſe voyage thither, muſt have been retarded by her ſtay at the iſland of MADEIRA. —I wrote therefore, to Captain STERLING; and in the moſt delicate manner I could, told him the inſinuations that had been poured into MARI-

ANNE'S

ANNE's ears;—that the high opinion we both entertained of his honour, forbade us to give credit to them;—but that I judged it proper to apprize him of the aſperſion, that he might make my friend, who was the moſt intereſted about it, perfectly eaſy.

My letter reached him at MADRASS; and fortunately came to hand juſt as an expreſs was about ſetting out, to come over-land to the *Company*,—by which he anſwered me in thoſe ingenuous terms, which ever characterize innocence.—He told me, that the inſinuations I alluded to, were ſo unjuſt, that he had forbore communicating them to Miſs DANVERS, whom he had conducted in ſafety to her couſin, who had made him the moſt generous acknowledgments;—that he doubted not but that this ma-

licious artifice, originated from ſome one, who wiſhed to ſow diſſention between him, and the object of his happineſs;—in confirmation of which, he encloſed me a letter, under the ſignature of *A True Friend*, which had reached him juſt as he was ſailing from MADEIRA,—reflecting on MARIANNE, as being fond of every new admirer; and counſelling him not to preſerve his heart for a woman, whoſe vanity ſought for conqueſt over many.—But I have written, added he, to aſſure her, that my reliance on her affection, remains the ſame;—and that this work of ſome malevolent ſpirit, would, I truſt, as little influence her's —as love can only live where confidence reigns; and it were impoſſible that confidence and jealouſy could exiſt together.—

—Shocking

—Shocking as the idea was, MARIANNE and myſelf, after duly weighing every circumſtance, had now no doubt, but that this intended miſchief was the laſt unhappy ſtratagem of EDMUND; nor did we long wait an opportunity, to tax him as the author of a deſign, which ſtruck at the peace of ſo many hearts.

—However the practice of well-ſtudied hypocriſy may enable a man to look a falſhood to the world, yet events unprepared for, may, by their ſuddenneſs, often ſurpriſe him into conviction!—there is a language of nature impreſſed on the human countenance, far more powerful than words! —and when I produced him the anonymous letter ſent to MADEIRA, his features all bore witneſs againſt a tongue, that faltered in his own de-

fence;—he trembled—he changed colour,—the blood which before was wont to animate his cheek, flew inſtantly to his heart, and his heart aſhamed of it, daſhed it back into his face.—His confuſed juſtification but ſtrengthened the proof—and he ſtood before us, a pitiable example to how abject a ſituation a man may degrade himſelf, whoſe mind is contaminated by baſeneſs, and diſhonour.—

It was a ſcene too painful to all, to be prolonged; I therefore immediately cloſed it, and leading MARIANNE out of the room, told him, that as he had ſo effectually torn aſunder every tie of affection he might have claimed in a ſiſter's heart, I now judged it neceſſary, not only for her happineſs, but for her ſafety, that he ſhould have no future intercourſe with her; —and

—and I was compelled to add, that as long as ſhe regarded me as her protectreſs, my own roof would allow him none.—

Her fortune was ſoon after demanded and paid, through my ſolicitor, without any interview of the parties—and if a ſhip, that is gone out to INDIA, hath met with the INGOT at the CAPE, as it was expected ſhe would, Captain STERLING, who was no ſtranger to ſome of the circumſtances I have related, hath before this time been fully informed of all that hath paſſed ſince.—

—'Tis rarely now, that the name of EDMUND is mentioned; but I fear paſt events ſtill ſometimes come acroſs her mind.—His conduct hath long extinguiſhed the emotions of affection—yet

her ſenſibility makes her feel for his loſt honour.—

—The picture, Madam, ſaid I, which you have drawn, preſents a character totally unworthy of diſquieting the thoughts of your amiable friend—I wiſh I could have ſufficient influence to efface the recollection of it.—Her ſentiments however, do credit to her humanity—but it is in vain that we are ſolicitous for the honour of thoſe, who have not virtue enough themſelves to be the guardians of their own reputation!—

PLAIN TRUTH.

I HOLD it expedient for our happineſs, ſays CLERMONT (throwing the news-paper from his hand) that we ſhould fix our eyes, as we journey forward, on ſuch characters as ſpread a ſun-ſhine over human life, and not on thoſe dark ones that throw a gloom over it.—We had better, I think, ſiſter, conſign the hero of your ſtory to oblivion—or to the unenviable ſociety of ſome of the *dramatis perſonæ*, who have furniſhed paragraphs in the paper I have been reading.—

" —*A married gentleman, with a*
" *large family, gone off to France with*
" *his young ward.*"—

—" *Two capital forgeries in the*
" *city.*"—

 —" *Three*

—"*Three divorces litigating in Doc-*
"*tors Commons.*"—

—"*And an elderly lady of faſhion*
"*found in bed with her poſtillion.*"—

Scandal enough in conſcience for one *Evening-poſt !*

—I would not willingly, continued CLERMONT, believe the world to be one jot leſs virtuous, than it was thirty years ago,—but I am confident people formerly took greater pains to conceal their vices; and had at leaſt the merit of ſtanding more in awe of public cenſure, which, by what I learn ſince my return to ENGLAND, hath now far leſs influence over their actions.—

Your obſervation, brother, replied AMELIA, is but too juſt,—the indifference ſhewn to it, and the countenance given to thoſe, who have violated the

the decorums of ſociety, muſt undoubtedly more forcibly ſtrike you, who have been ſo many years abſent, than it does us, who may have remarked the progreſs of this evil.—The lady who helped the news-writer to the laſt paragraph, will not probably at her next rout, have one card-table the leſs on the *poſtillion's account*; —nay, what will ſtartle you more,—thoſe who cenſure her moſt, will be of her party;—great dinners—great aſſemblies—or that happy innovation, a *Sunday night's concert*—though given by people whoſe conduct every one condemns—will draw together many, who one ſhould think would bluſh to be ſeen at them;—and I much fear, that the faſhionable careleſſneſs which is ſhewn in matters of this nature, while it reflects but little credit

on the preſent age, may, by its example, be ſeverely felt in that which is to ſucceed it.—

Faith, Madam, reſumed CLERMONT, with ſome warmth, in my opinion, the *countenancing* thoſe who are capable of ill actions, is but one remove from *committing* them; — ſociety is equally inſulted.—I cannot, however, compliment you on the *refinement* of your manners, which ſeem more calculated to take off *every reſtraint*, than to awaken *any emulation*; —the next generation will owe you nothing for it.—If meritorious characters are, without diſcrimination, levelled with ſuch, as have deviated from the paths of honour, in God's name *what becomes of virtue?*—

—That, returned AMELIA, is but too often left to be *its own reward*,—

and

and I truſt, it will never want arguments to maintain its own conſequence, whilſt the *reward* it offers, is that *ſenſe of conſcious rectitude*, which the mind of man, however buoyed up by flattery and faſhion, can never long diſpenſe with the want of.—

—As it is much eaſier to find fault with the world, than to mend it, I put an end to the converſation, by ordering the backgammon table into the room;—though I thought that my friend's ideas on the ſubject, were replete with *good ſenſe* and *plain truth*.

THE BALL-ROOM.

WHAT the deuce had I in my thoughts, when I popped my head into the ball-room?—I, who have ſo many things more eſſential to dance after than a fiddle?—But I hate to paſs a door, where every one is carrying their beſt ſpirits—beſides, all the world was at MITCHENER's,—ſo, paying my half crown, I took a ſweat, on one of the ſnug, ſuperannuated benches.—

—Now of all the chapters I have ever wrote,—or ever ſhall write,—either in the preſent,—or in any other work,—this, is that which muſt be handled with the greateſt nicety.—Some good angel guide my pen!—for a drop of ink too much, may blot out the intereſt I wiſh

wiſh to maintain in my reader's affection.—

—I am well aware, that this is the chapter which will be the moſt looked into,—be the moſt thumbed,—and after all, be that which will pleaſe the leaſt, in the whole book.—Even while I am this moment muſing over it, my fancy anticipates the great demands that will be made for it, at the *circulating library*.—I hear Mr. HALL, in the moſt obliging manner, aſſert, that *it is out*.—" But it is the *ſecond volume* I am *dying* for,—and my couſin Peggy will be quite *diſtracted*, if ſhe cannot have it this evening."—

If you will believe me, Madam, returns Mr. HALL (with the moſt feeling concern for the ſad events of *Death* and *Diſtraction* predicted to ariſe from this

this diſappointment) I have no leſs than ſix ſets, and not one of either of the volumes at home.—Lady FANNY in the ROPE-WALK, has been down twice herſelf after the *ſecond*, — and two ladies on the PARADE, are, I fear, affronted at ſending ſo often, without obtaining it:—In the mean time, Madam, I have the TOYSHOP at your ſervice, or I can ſend you home NOW, THE DELICATE EMBARRASSMENT.—

—I wiſh from my heart, that this eager curioſity after the preſent chapter, be not ſomewhat ſtimulated by a little tincture, compounded of a ſmall portion of ſelf-ſufficiency, and ill-nature,—which, however unwilling we are to own it, I fear moſt of us carry about; and which prompts us

but

but too often, to divert ourſelves at another's expence.—

—I am confident, that many will expect to ſee here a collection of portraits drawn from real life—to find ſome awkward minuet recorded,—or ſome miſtaken graces they may themſelves have recollected, and condemned.—But whoever thou art, who turneſt over this page, if ſuch be thy expectations, thou knoweſt but little of his diſpoſition who now is writing it.—My pen may ſtigmatize vice and folly;—it may blame *the ſacrifice*—but never ſhall mark *the votary*.—

—Was not I ingenuous enough to tell you beforehand, that this chapter would prove but an unſatisfactory one?—It could not be otherwiſe.—The ſubject was in truth totally out of my way.—

—Be ſo good, Madam, as to read the title of my book—

SKETCHES

FROM

NATURE.

—Who could ever dream of making any in a ball-room?—

—And ſo my dear creatures you may all dance on, juſt as you did before.—

THE

THE BALL-ROOM.

HAVING, in the laſt page, made a genteel bow to all maiden aunts,—goſſipping dowagers,—and to the unneceſſarily inquiſitive of both ſexes,—I will, with my reader's indulgence, offer an obſervation or two, that has frequently occurred to me in a ball-room.

—I am fond of every amuſement that brings people together in cheerfulneſs and good-humour.—Dancing is unqueſtionably one of the number; —it is enlivening, though from different motives, both to youth, and age;—it gives a certain air and deportment to the perſon who is well grounded in the art; and ſets off the young, and the elegant, with great

advantage to each other.—I was myſelf once a pupil of the famous MARCEL at PARIS, though no one who now views my curved and ungain figure, would ſuppoſe it.—My ſpirits however, are to this moment always in the dance;—and my long legs have ſtill ſuch a propenſity to be moved by the ſound of a fiddle, that in the corner where I was ſtationed laſt night, they would willingly have kept pace with the tune, had not I perceived that my knees were beating time, againſt a certain part of a very fat lady before me, which lapped ſix inches over them, and which (had there been a poſſibility) I ſhould have truly rejoiced ſhe had left at home.—

—I wiſh, by the by, that in theatres, and other places of public reſort,

ſort, where the proprietors are intereſted to place the benches, much cloſer together than ſuits the eaſe of the ſpectator, *a maſter of the ceremonies* was appointed; who, as people ſeated themſelves, ſhould take their altitudes, projections, and circumferences, and diſpoſe them in ſuch a manner, that they might have nothing to complain of, before, or behind.—

—But to return to the dance.—

I muſt own I am rather ſorry to obſerve, that the COTILLON begins to be introduced into our balls.—How far more experience in thoſe dances, may improve us in them, I know not; but I have ſcarcely as yet, ſeen the figure gone through without interruption.—Beſides, we ſeem to want

that feſtivity, and that *enjouêment*, which hath made me view them with ſo much pleaſure in FRANCE.—Whoever has attended to them, even in the BOIS DE BOULOGNE, *au* SAINT ESPRIT, or at any of the *guinguettes* about PARIS, muſt have remarked, that *the ſoul* dances *with the body*, and every feature of the face tells you it does.—

Another objection to their coming into public uſe here, is, that they occupy a very large ſpace in a room, and employ but very few; ſo that in a crowded aſſembly, the far greater number muſt be merely ſpectators, and the few who dance, become extremely diſtinguiſhed; — whilſt the whimſical ſteps, and high capers, which are practiſed in our

ENGLISH

ENGLISH COTILLON, furniſh more of a *ſpectacle*, than many ladies may chooſe to contribute to.—

—Our own COUNTRY DANCES, have the peculiar advantage of admitting a very large number to join in them.—I have ſeen them practiſed and admired, in moſt parts of EUROPE; and they are in my idea, infinitely better calculated to diſplay, that elegant eaſe of motion, which has been ſo properly termed *ſwimming in the dance*; and which would inevitably be loſt, ſhould we apply to them, the theatrical ſteps, which the profeſſors of the COTILLON now teach.

—As dancing is an act of hilarity, I think in general, that we appear to make too *ſerious* a buſineſs of it.—The exerciſe gives an impulſe to circulation.—We may alſo allow

ſomething to the animation of muſic, —and far more to the animation of ſentiment, naturally excited by being engaged in ſo pleaſing a familiarity, with the ſex we moſt wiſh to appear favourably to;—and yet, in almoſt every ball-room, how many couple do we ſee *journeying* down a dance, with ſuch *ſerious* countenances, as if they were rather toiling through a pennance impoſed them, than engaged in a voluntary amuſement!—

—It is certainly being undeſirably philoſophical, to feel pleaſure, without expreſſing it.—

—Nothing is more calculated than the MINUET, to ſhew an elegant figure to advantage;—it is the art of moving with grace and eaſe,—but to dance in that degree of taſte, as to command admiration, requires early inſtruction,

inſtruction, good judgment, and a nice ear, ſuperadded to many perſonal endowments.—As greatly to excel therefore, in this accompliſhment, can happen but to few, a moderate knowledge of it may be diſpenſed with, and attended to;—but it would be far better declined by the many, who attempt it, without any of the requiſites.

—Acts, which are the *efforts of grace*, ought to be *gracefully* performed!—And as there is ſome path, or other, in which every one may walk with propriety and ſucceſs, it is a ſad miſtake, when we place ourſelves, unneceſſarily, in ſuch conſpicuous ſituations, as we are totally unſuited to appear in.—

When diſcord agitated the aſſembly

of the Gods, and their wrangles had made a bear-garden of OLYMPUS, HOMER makes VULCAN take up the goblet of Nectar, and hand it about among them, that they might drink themſelves into better humour.

—Now VULCAN was altogether one of the beſt of the whole crew;—he was honeſt,—he was induſtrious,—he was a peace-maker,—and added to all—he was a huſband for any age, or any country;—for he could amuſe himſelf with forging a nail, or a horſeſhoe, whilſt his wife was cuckolding him in heaven, and on earth.—

—It was an abſurdity in VULCAN, who was *naturally* very awkward,—and *accidentally* very lame,—to affect an office which demanded the grace

grace of a GANYMEDE;—the conſe-quence was,—that he diverted the at-tention of every deity preſent, from their own concerns, and forced a good-humoured laugh from the whole aſ-ſembly.—

THE

THE INDIA-MEN.

LA PIERRE hath ſo much vivacity, blended with ſo much natural courteſy, — and poſſeſſes beſides, ſo ſtrong a diſpoſition to thruſt himſelf into every place where intelligence is to be procured, that nothing is ſtirring from one end of MARGATE to the other, that doth not come to his knowledge.—He is never without a *bouquet* in his boſom, which he preſents to the firſt *fille de chambre* of his acquaintance that he meets; — his great pride is to be admitted to their tea-tables; and his eaſy, happy ſpirits, make him perfectly at home, wherever he goes.—

—The poor fellow could hardly make my coffee at breakfaſt, without

out burning his fingers, from his impatience to tell me, that he had been down on the *Pier* to ſee two INDIA-MEN, which were lying off the town, and had come to an anchor the preceding evening—pulling, at the ſame time, from his jacket-pocket, a ſqueezed-up ſilk handkerchief, to ſhew me, which he had bought from ſome one who had been aboard.

—Pray have you inquired, ſaid I, whether - - -

O oui, Monſieur, vous voulez dire - - -

What would you anſwer my queſtion before you know it?—

—No, Sir; but I ſuppoſed you was going to aſk, if either of theſe was the INGOT—ſo I ran down to the circulating library, to get their names, —and *Monſieur* HALL tells me, that the INGOT is expected to be in the

Downs in leſs than theee weeks,—being ſailed for Ireland, to do her buſineſs there,—or the Captain's buſineſs,—or ſomebody's buſineſs,—*apparemment pour faire ſes affaires.*

—If *Monſieur* ſhould not ride out this morning, there are two or three ſervants, who live with the French family in the Rope-Walk, who have got leave to go abroad, and would take me with them in their boat.—I never was in a large ſhip; and beſides, I ſhould like to buy two or three fans to give to Madam Amelia's maids, who are always ſo polite to me.—

—Thou art heartily welcome to make one of the party, ſaid I, and take thy own time.—I ſee, La Pierre, thou wilt never be worth a piece of *Trente ſous*, while there is a bawble to be

be purchaſed, or a petticoat to preſent it to.—After this permiſſion, he would not have ſtayed to get his breakfaſt, though he had been ſure of eating nothing for the next twenty-four hours.

—No circumſtance makes the towns on the coaſt of KENT more alive, than the coming in of the INDIA-MEN—all is then in motion.—I took a walk on the cliffs on purpoſe to enjoy the buſtle of the ſcene;—the ſea looked uncommonly gay,—the ſhips riding at anchor, with their colours flying,—boats buſied in carrying them freſh proviſions from the ſhore,—ſo many little veſſels plying about them, and thoſe of the cuſtom-houſe, lying beſide them, as guards,—while parties of company from MARGATE, and others, who come down from LONDON

to meet their friends on board, covered the fine blue ſurface with a multitude of little ſails.—

—A ſhip that hath traverſed the globe, and cut her paſſage through a world of waters, that, after ſuſtaining a variety of climates, and all the conflicts of oppoſing elements, arrives at laſt at her deſtined port, hath ever appeared to me as an object which conveys an infinite pleaſure to the mind!—I cannot but reflect, that every Being ſhe brings back, ſtanding in one, or other of the relations of huſband, parent, ſon, or friend,—hath many hearts that anxiouſly beat for his return,—many eyes that wait with eagerneſs to catch the firſt look,—and ears that impatiently long to know, how the ſad interval of abſence hath paſſed away!—When the imagination

imagination multiplies this, by the number that forms the complement of a large ſhip, it views all the tendereſt affections of the ſoul, ſet afloat by her ſafe arrival!—

—Whilſt benevolence contemplates ſuch a viſionary ſcene, the viciſſitudes of life induce our humanity to offer up a ſilent wiſh,—that no tale of woe may remain to be unfolded, whoſe diſtreſs ſhall overcloud the ſun-ſhine, or blaſt the happy expectations that hope hath cheriſhed!—

THE FORT.

I KNOW not how it hath come about, that I have led my reader throug one volume, and almoſt half through a ſecond, without ever once conducting him up to the FORT; — where, if he is a lover of NATURE, he will be charmed,—and if he is not, I fear I ſhall have but little intereſt with him, either on the FORT, or elſewhere, who have vowed myſelf to her ſervice, and devoted all my attention to this glorious miſtreſs.—It is from a ſhabby bench, placed on this ſummit, that I frequently muſe over the noble proſpect that is ſpread beneath. —Before me, the eye is loſt in ſea and air,—but extending ſideways, takes in the winding cliffs from the NORTH

FORELAND

FORELAND to the Iſle of SHEPEY, with all the interſperſed villages to the left, that enrich the coaſt,—terminated by the church of the TWO SISTERS—whoſe double ſpires not only embelliſh the ſcene, but riſe up a faithful guide to the mariner.

—As I returned along the northern cliff from my walk, intending to make my accuſtomed halt at the FORT, I perceived my bench was poſſeſſed by a lady; and whom I found, on a nearer approach, to be the amiable MARIANNE.—I knew ſhe could not but be an intereſted ſpectator of the ſcene before her; which muſt, in idea, anticipate the return of one, on whom her future happineſs ſo much depended.—She was dreſſed ſimply elegant; and wore, in compliment to her abſent lover who had preſented her with

it, a beautiful chintz negligee, tied up with green ribband, and a hat decorated with ribband of the ſame colour.—As I ſat down by her, ſhe aſſumed a ſmile, though there was a penſiveneſs on her brow; yet at the ſame time, there appeared ſo much ſenſe and character in her countenance, as could not but intereſt whoever approached her.—I complimented her on the arrival of the ſhips, that were then lying full in our view, and on the welcome news they had brought, of the INGOT's being ſo near home.—I meet it indeed, ſhe replied, as a circumſtance of real joy;—nor ought I to ſigh, if the path of life I have trodden, hath been uneven, provided it leads to happineſs at laſt.—

—And what better termination, ſaid I, can the ſmootheſt conduct us

to?—It is no unpleaſing idea, which ſome have entertained, that every one hath a *guardian ſpirit* hovering near, whoſe friendly office it is, to give us ſafe convoy through all the difficulties which lie acroſs our way, and to ſupport us under the ſevereſt trials.—Why may we not conceive this imaginary exiſtence to be HOPE?—We cannot, I am ſure, truſt to a ſafer guide, nor wiſh, in the hours of adverſe fortune, to be led forward by the hand of a more cheering companion.—

But prithee, my gentle lady, what thorn hath been rankling in thy poor little boſom?—Thou haſt hit, perhaps, upon ſome melancholy page of life, and turned down the leaf to ruminate on it.—Who meets not with

it?—It is for the perusal of all the sons and daughters of man;—nor is it in the end, unprofitable reading, —since it shews ambition its vanity, —pride its meanness, — wealth its emptiness,—and learning its insufficiency;—and, by levelling all ranks of mortals, annihilates the paltry distinctions of the world!—

O Sir! returned MARIANNE (fetching a sigh) O Sir, I have a brother! - - -

—Who is, replied I, unworthy your regard.—

—One, whose disposition - - -

—Was never allied to your virtues.—

—His heart indeed I fear - - - - -

—Is contaminated by every passion that can most debase it.—

—There only remains for me - - -

—To

—To wipe him from your memory, and leave him to the bittereſt of all reproaches—his own.—

—I dare believe I am an echo to your thoughts;—but my dear, good girl, AMELIA hath opened to me your whole ſituation, and the painful trials your ſenſibility hath ſuſtained.—I have a tear to give every child of ſorrow;—and I truſt, the fountain which ſupplies it, will never be dry!—But I would now rather perſonate your *guardian ſpirit*; and, turning our backs on difficulties ſurmounted, look forward with you, to objects that wear a happier face.—It is not a few bad characters we may chance to meet with, that ſhould put us out of humour with the world.—It is for our peace, to recollect, that the GREAT DIRECTOR of this

immenſe work of creation, is continually raiſing up others, who have breaſts that glow with virtuous ſentiments, where congenial hearts may ſecurely repoſe.—

Believe me, MARIANNE, it hath only been by viewing events on the favourable ſide, that I have myſelf borne ſo well the buffets of fortune.—For I have alſo, among my own family pictures, ſome abominable *originals*,—and ſuch terrible, *ſtrong likeneſſes* too, that out of humanity, I keep a curtain over them.—

—I verily think, in the diſpoſition I then was, that to divert her ideas, I ſhould have pulled it a little aſide, to have given her a peep at one, or two of them,—had we not been interrupted by three or four ladies of our acquaintance, who were come up with their glaſſes

glaſſes in their hands, to take a view of the new-arrived INDIA-MEN, and immediately joined us at our bench.—I believe MARIANNE wiſhed them, juſt at this time, any where elſe;—but they ſaved me the pain of uncovering a ſingle portrait, and fully anſwered the ſame purpoſe:—For among the many advantages that attend perfect good-breeding, there is one, that hath never been enumerated, though far from being the leaſt;—and that is, the relief which the mind, when under any depreſſion, receives, upon the ſudden intruſion of company, by finding itſelf compelled to beſtow on another, that attention, which would otherwiſe be rivetted to its own ſituation.—

THE LITTLE SMUGGLERS.

DIDO, foundreſs and queen of CARTHAGE, is the firſt woman of antiquity, who is recorded for *driving a good bargain.*—The JEWS and MONEY-JOBBERS, have the higheſt veneration for her memory;—and I am informed, that *ſhe*, and her *bull's hide*, is a favourite toaſt among all thoſe people,—not only within the purlieus of DUKE'S PLACE, but in the neighbourhood of every *ſynagogue* in EUROPE.—

—There are two ways of meaſuring any thing, as the widow of SICHÆUS well knew; and as every ſhop-keeper, who retails commodities, perfectly underſtands,—and the poſſeſſor of this knowledge, muſt ever have

have the balance of trade in his favour.—

—Whoever is to open a conſiderable commerce with the world, it will be much more worth to him, than the whole round of ſciences, not only to know to an inch, his own meaſure, and how far he could on a pinch ſtretch it, — but alſo to be fully acquainted with the meaſure his neighbour goes by;—for, by thus ſkilfully calculating the longitude,—latitude,—altitude,—and rectitude, of the parties he has to deal with, he will be enabled equally to guard againſt the fallacy of a miniſter, or the impoſition of his taylor.—

With reſpect to the world, La Pierre was a mere infant,—ever pleaſed with its coral, and its bells, —but without a tooth to injure any one!—

one !—The ſimplicity of his character, made him daily meet with ſome fancied diſtreſs, which, to another, who was more hackneyed in the ways of mankind, would only have paſſed among the common occurrences of life;—though, to ſay truth, nothing ſat long on his mind; a deep ſigh or two blew off the load, and a whiſtle, or a ſong, which ſoon followed, obliterated every trace of its weight.—It chanced, however, that I got to my lodgings ſoon after his return from the INDIA-MAN, and before either the ſigh, or the tune was come to his aid, or had effaced the firſt impreſſion of his preſent grievance; which was ſufficiently apparent in LA PIERRE's countenance, that was at all times an index to his boſom, and like a well-printed ſhop-bill, notified every

every concern his heart had to diſpoſe of.—The morning which had promiſed ſo much ſatisfaction, had been over-clouded with circumſtances, both unlooked for, and unpleaſant. —As the poor fellow's pride was to be as ſmart as poſſible, whenever any females were to be of his party; in gallanting one of them into the boat, at the Parade ſtairs, he unfortunately ſlipt almoſt up to his knees in the muddy water, and quite diſfigured his white ſilk ſtockings.—This was an event which might have diſconcerted a better FRENCH philoſopher than LA PIERRE, and was but a prologue to worſe diſaſters;—for a freſh breeze ſpringing up, when they had got about a mile from the ſhore, the toſſing of the waves ſo diſturbed his empty ſtomach, as to make him wretchedly

wretchedly ſick, till he got aboard the INDIA-MAN;—the civility of every one there, made him ſoon forget what he had ſuffered;—he purchaſed the little trifles he wiſhed;—and would have returned to ſhore perfectly ſick, and happy again, had not ſome cuſtom-houſe officers hailed the boat, and ſtripped from him, and his party, the poor ſix-penny cargoes they had been ſo far to fetch;—nor was this all—for they took away beſides the new INDIA *ſilk handkerchief* he had bought in the morning, and which, in his hurry to ſet off, he had forgot to put out of his pocket.—

Quels miſerables! cries LA PIERRE —*quels barbares!*—

—That, ſays I,—and ſending them to the devil in good FRENCH, is all you have for it.—

—Why,

—Why, what do you think Sir, added he, the king can get by his duty on a couple of INDIA Fans, that his people are ſo watchful for his intereſt?

That is a queſtion, returned I, that might have puzzled the calculations of your countryman, DE MOIVRE,—but conſidering the number of hands it rubs againſt, before it reaches the *Exchequer*, I ſhould conceive his net profit could not exceed the four hundredth and ſeventy-third part of one of your *liards*.—I am an avowed enemy to all counterband dealings,—as well as to all the little dirty inſolence of office — but if you had not been a novice in theſe matters, you might have obtained an eaſier ſolution to your queſtion, by offering a

reſtitution

reſtitution fee, and ſo purchaſing your fans a ſecond time.—

Mon Dieu! exclaims La Pierre, what offer *a bribe*, Sir, to a king's ſervant?—

Ah! pour cela, oui, or to a king's miſtreſs,—or to a king's any thing—only give it a different name.—Modern language hath made it *palatable* to all ranks, under the idea of *acknowledgment*, or *attention*;—as the diſguſtful ingredients of an apothecary's vial, are ſwallowed without reluctance, when the label denotes it to be a *cordial mixture*.—

Now as this *cordial mixture* muſt, like all other cordials, be adminiſtered for various purpoſes,—as alſo to various conſtitutions, — and be ſo tempered, as to act either as a *ſtimulator*,

lator, or *ſoporific*, as occaſion may require,—it is expedient, that it be always judiciouſly applied; and, when well adapted to the ſtomach that is to receive it, can very rarely fail of inſuring ſucceſs.—

—No one better underſtood how to manage *a bribe* artfully, or to tamper with the paſſions, than the *Abbè* FRONTIN. — He was, perhaps, too much addicted to pleaſure, and intrigue, but had much wit, and infinite good humour;—he poſſeſſed a preſence of mind, equal to any emergency; and was ſo happy in his addreſs, as to be almoſt irreſiſtible.—

—By the by, I have never gone into the church of SAINT SULPICE at PARIS, without lamenting, that he ſhould lie there without having even a ſtone of two feet ſquare to record his

his memory, who had talents ſo ſuperior to the herd of *Abbès*, who litter the BOULEVARDS and the THUILLERIES, and have nothing but their black cloaks to diſtinguiſh them.—

—*Madame de* CHATEAUROUGE was arrived at that period of life, when ladies in FRANCE turn *dévotes*, and confine all their favours within the pale of the church.—SAINTE THERESE obſerves, in ſome of her viſionary compoſitions, that women muſt occaſionally *tranſplant* their affections;—and thus it is, that FRENCH *ſaints* uſually take the leavings of FRENCH *ſinners*.—

This lady had taken a pretty long time to ſettle her conſcience;—and there remained ſome points of reform yet unadjuſted, when ſhe called in to her aſſiſtance the *Abbè* FRONTIN,

who very ſoon became her intimate attendant, accompanied her frequently to maſs, was conſtantly of all her parties, read to her in her cloſet, and aired with her in the BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

It chanced one ſummer's afternoon, that *Madame de* CHATEAUROUGE, after her coffee, had retired into an apartment which looked into the garden, to enjoy the freſh air, and the fragrance of a little orangery, that was diſpoſed in a ſemicircle before the windows, which were thrown open.—As the ſun ſtill ſhot obliquely into the room, the green luſtring curtains were dropped, to give a more pleaſing tone of light.—The *Abbè* was ſeated by her on a ſopha; and, at her requeſt, was entertaining her with a new piece of CREBILLON,

LON, called *Les egarements du Cœur et de l'Eſprit*, which had juſt then appeared, and had much excited the curioſity of the public.—

—I leave it to thoſe who are fond of inveſtigating cauſes and effects, to find out how it came to paſs that *Madame de* CHATEAUROUGE, as the *Abbè* proceeded in the work, with emphaſis, and ſpirit, had inſenſibly reclined her head on his ſhoulder, whilſt the *Abbè*, holding the book in his right hand, had inadvertently dropped his left arm, acroſs her lap. —The cenſorious, may miſinterpret the poſition they ſat in—the candid, attribute it to accident, or the weather—and people of a ſentimental turn, may aſcribe it merely to the having their attention abſorbed in the novel, and to the ingenuity of the writer

writer in thus intereſting the paſſions.—It is my province only to ſay the fact was as related; and a little guſt of air on a ſudden ſwelling the curtains, the leads on its ceſſation falling againſt the wainſcot, gave three or four repeated raps,—which being heard by GRISON, the old *maître d'Hôtel*, who was ſettling the houſe-book in the next room, and who, miſtaking theſe raps for a method, which his lady (who was a little lame and unwieldy) ſometimes uſed, to ſummon him with her crutched ſtick, when ſhe ſat at a diſtance from the bell, gently opened the door, and conceiving immediately, by one glance, that he could not be wanted,—inſtantly ſhut it again as gently,—and ſat himſelf down very compoſedly, to his accounts,—for he had lived

long enough in the family to have the ſagacity of knowing, when he ought to ſee,—and when not.—

The *Abbè*, who had juſt caught a glimpſe of the *maître d'hôtel* as he peeped in, thought it adviſeable to ſecure his intereſt;—and as ſoon as the ſtory was at a full ſtop, laid down his book, and walked into the adjoining room where GRISON was,—who hearing ſomebody ſtep towards the door, threw himſelf againſt the back of the chair, and reclining his head on his hand, with his elbow on the table, pretended to be found aſleep.

The *Abbè*, who, as I hinted before, was never on any occaſion in the ſmalleſt degree embarraſſed, knew, by appearances, that he was ſure of his man; and gently laying a *Louis d'or*

on

on each of his eyelids, ſaid, with a tone of pleaſantry, " there are none " who ſee ſo little as thoſe whoſe eyes " are *well cloſed.*"—

—" True, Sir," replied GRISON,— " and if you will ſlip another be- " tween my lips, you will be certain " to make me *dumb,* as well as " *blind.*"—

—This fellow would have made an admirable Revenue officer,—

—In any place where *no duty* was expected.

NATURE.

WHOEVER hath paſſed any length of time at theſe places of public reſort, by the ſea-ſide, muſt have remarked that there is conſtantly a flux and reflux of the company who frequent them; and that the ſhores have their revolutions and changes, as well as the element that flows along their ſides.—I often, as I pace up and down the PARADE, miſs faces I have been accuſtomed to meet in my daily walks, and am ſtared at by others that are totally new to me—nor is it a ſmall pleaſure to me, who am looking after NATURE at every ſtep, to obſerve features tinged with the hue of returning health, which a few weeks before I had ſeen overcaſt with

with languor; and limbs beginning to move with freedom, which were lately contracted by pain and diſeaſe.—

As I have before convinced my readers of the benefit of *ſmelling the ſea-mud*, ſo theſe occurrences convince me of the benefit of uſing ſea-water.—As an added proof of its efficacy, I popped yeſterday on the *fat lady* in the *Brunſwick*, whom I before mentioned as being ſo lame, and unwieldy, and whom I had given over as incurable, when ſhe was helped down the ſide of the Hoy.—I was perfectly amazed to ſee the briſkneſs of her air, and her round, laughing countenance, half buried in a FRENCH night-cap;—and though ſhe ſtill retains a conſiderable hitch in her gait; yet ſhe walked with no other aid than

a lady's arm, on which ſhe reclined, and one of Mr. HALL's *paſtoral twined crooks*, which no female of any taſte can appear without.—Even my own lean carcaſe, though I neither intentionally *ſmell the mud*, nor ever come in contact with the water, is both ſtrengthened and plumped up by the ſea-air,—and my weak conſtitution, which has, for two volumes, been ſo great a plague to the reader, and for many a year, a far greater one, to me, is from the ſame cauſe ſo much ſtrengthened, that I have but even now, with eighty or ninety long ſtrides, mounted up to the FORT, without a ſingle halt to fetch breath.—

—How ſweet is thy return, O HEALTH! thou roſy cherub!—my ſoul leaps forward to meet thee, whoſe true value thy abſence can only teach us!—

us!—When thou comeſt, *with healing on thy wings*; when every part, and nerve, and artery, are obedient to their office; and when this complicated machine is ſo perfectly harmonized, that we perceive not that we have any part, or nerve, or artery, belonging to us, how ſweetly is the mind then attuned to receive pleaſure from every inlet of ſenſe!

—God of my life! who numbereſt my days, teach me to meet with gratitude, or patience, the good, or ill, which in the tide of time ſhall float down with them!—but never withdraw from me thoſe native ſpirits, which have been the cheering companions of my exiſtence, and have ſpread a gilding upon every thing around me!—that I may continue to view, with rapture, the inexhauſtible

volume

volume of NATURE that is thrown open before me; on every page of which is charactered the impreſſion of thy OMNIPOTENT HAND!—

As I often indulge a meditating diſpoſition on the *old bench* upon the FORT, where I am now ſeated, it is matter of amuſement to conſider the immenſe variety, that a ſhort ſpace of time produces in the ſame natural objects;—every change of light,—every alteration in the atmoſphere, gives them a different appearance.—I have juſt been contemplating the wide ſcene of waters before me; that hath lately been darkened by ſome clouds which overhung it.—I ſee it emerging into new day.—I perceive its green hue warming into purple tints:—as I direct my eye as far as it can ſtretch, I view the ſun, from be-

hind

hind a veil that conceals it, ſhooting down its rays on a limited circumference, and brightening all the edges of the waves.—And now its broad orb appears in full glow; deſcending almoſt level with the ſea—the whole weſtern canopy is illuminated.—It trembles a little while on the extremity of the horizon, and at laſt plunges from the ſight.

—Thoſe who may be diſpoſed to contraſt the works of NATURE, with the moſt boaſted labours of ART, will find the firſt, ever new and permanent, while the latter, the inſtant they have attained their *limited perfection*, approach toward a ſlow, but a ſure decline.—

The pride of a potent monarch may be gratified, in erecting ſome magnificent temple to his god;—he may

may perpetuate the remembrance of his anceſtors, by ſuperb mauſoleums; —he may command the daring pyramid to ſhoot upward to the ſkies,—may inſcribe his victories on the trophied column,—or regiſter his triumphs on the ſculptured arch!—He may call an ADAM to execute his great deſigns;—who, while he is fulfilling the wiſhes of his ſovereign, may himſelf deliver down to a ſeries of generations unborn, the nobleſt records of his own genius, and taſte. —But even though no accident ſhould abridge their duration,—yet the revolving ſeaſons ſoon fully their beauty; — and the ſilent power of Time gradually ſhakes their foundations; and at laſt levels them with the duſt.—While thy works, O NATURE, remain uninjured; — ever changing,

changing, and ever reviving, thou ſhineſt unconſcious of decay!—ſtill bright in immortal youth!—

And yet more lovely far doſt Thou appear, when Thou commandeſt our attention in thy *active ſcenes*, and beameſt from the mind with all thoſe irradiations of VIRTUE, HONOUR, and BENEVOLENCE, which dignify humanity.—Theſe may be deemed the *ſun-ſhine* of the *moral world*!—that warms,—that brings forward,—and ripens the ſoul to perfection!—And if ſometimes, in contemplating the pictures of real life, one ſees with pain the canvaſs darkened with worthleſs characters, they ſhould be viewed but as deep ſhades, which, however they may interrupt thy native brightneſs, yet by their contraſt

more

more forcibly impreſs the amiableneſs of thy luſtre !—

Full of ſuch ſentiments, I frequently, from this cliff, caſt a look toward RECULVER, and drop a ſigh, to the memory of thoſe beloved SISTERS, who were in their lives ſo undivided, and whoſe unſhaken union hath there been ſo long recorded.—

Conſidering how many ſurveys have been publiſhed of this county, and how much the zeal for antiquity hath for many years prevailed amongſt us; it is ſomewhat ſingular, that ſo ſlight mention ſhould have been made of this extraordinary building; of which little more hath been ſaid, than that *the church was formerly conſiderable, having ſtill two goodly ſpiring ſteeples.*

As people in general only ſpeak of this edifice merely as being *accidentally* an advantageous *ſea-mark*, unknowing of the cauſe by which it became ſo;—I am happy that it is in my power, in this remote period of time, to gratify the curioſity of thoſe, who hereafter may viſit theſe ſhores.—

I have long wiſhed, my dear JENNY, to relate to thee this intereſting ſtory.—To Thee, whoſe heart NATURE hath ſo ſweetly harmonized, that it vibrates at the ſlighteſt touch of another's ſorrow; and is therefore worthy to hear a tale of diſtreſs.—

Several years ago, being on a journey to SPA, I was detained ſome time in the univerſity of LOUVAIN, by an accidental illneſs, which ſeized me

me on the road.—During my ſtay, I made an acquaintance with an IRISH jeſuit, who honoured me with many civilities, and whom I found a very intelligent companion.—He ſhewed me whatever he thought moſt curious in the place; though, except the great library, and the public ſchools, there is but little worth notice.

I was however much pleaſed with two manuſcript volumes, which I met with in the library of one of the colleges; — they chiefly contained anecdotes relative to ſome ENGLISH families, and to ſeveral hiſtorical, and monaſtical antiquities; and were the memorials of a DOMINICAN Friar of CANTERBURY, who quitted ENGLAND at the time of the *Reformation*, and retired to LOUVAIN; — at his death he bequeathed them, together

with other curious books, to the college where they then were.—My friend, who was one of its members, procured the manuſcript to be lent me;—and, in turning over many ſubjects far leſs intereſting, I met with the hiſtorical account of this church.—I have diveſted it of the obſolete language of the times, but the ſubſtance of it is nearly as follows.—

THE STORY OF THE TWO SISTERS.

TOWARDS the end of thoſe troubleſome times, when ENGLAND was ſhaken by the feuds of the houſes of YORK and LANCASTER, there reſided, in a village near the banks of the MEDWAY, a gentleman, whoſe name was GEOFFRY DE SAINT CLAIR, deſcended from a family of great antiquity, and repute in thoſe parts.—The many launces, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more reſpectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its preſent poſſeſſor.—The poor ſat at his gate, and bleſſed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim repoſed in his porch, without remembering, in his oriſons, its hoſpitable owner.

SAINT

SAINT CLAIR had allied himſelf in marriage with the Lady MARGARET DE BOYS, a woman of high birth, and rare endowments; whoſe accompliſhments might have embelliſhed the greateſt ſcenes, had not a love of domeſtic life, and a religious caſt of mind, induced her to prefer retirement.—All her leiſure hours, which her family did not call for, were ſpent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the nobleſt rank exerciſed, without thinking they demeaned their ſtations;—ſhe relieved the indigent,—adviſed with the unfortunate,—viſited the ſick,—and brought up her *Twin Daughters*, FRANCES and ISABELLA, in the ſame ſentiments;—accuſtoming them very early, to attend upon her in all thoſe acts of primitive piety.—As theſe young ladies were the ſole

iſſue of SAINT CLAIR and Lady MARGARET, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds, ſo rich a ſoil, that every thing proſpered which was planted in them:—no uſeful knowledge was omitted,—no external accompliſhment neglected.—

FRANCES and ISABELLA were now arrived at the age of twenty-five.—The amiableneſs of their characters, their enlarged underſtandings, and the gracefulneſs of their perſons, won the admiration and eſteem of all who approached them.—They had, from ſimilitude of manners, and ſentiment, contracted ſuch a rare affection for each other, that it ſeemed as if NATURE, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was

to diſtinguiſh their lives,—and for thoſe effuſions of elevated friendſhip, which the loſs of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth.—Nor was this event very remote; Lady MARGARET was ſeized by a ſudden illneſs, which, in a few days, carried her off, and deſolated one of the happieſt families in the world.—

It would be difficult to deſcribe the ſounds of woe, which, on this occaſion, echoed through all the manſion, or the ſighs of the diſconſolate poor, under the windows.—The grief of SAINT CLAIR, after the many years of uninterrupted happineſs that he had enjoyed with Lady MARGARET, in its firſt attack, almoſt overpowered his reaſon;—whilſt FRANCES and ISABELLA had the weight of a father's ſorrow added to their own;

which compelled them to ſmother their feelings, great as they were, and to aſſume a fortitude their hearts diſavowed.—

—Lovely mourners!—more lovely in your tears!—Fancy pictures you before me, bathed in filial ſorrow,—ſtanding by, and ſupporting your diſtracted parent—ſtriving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not ſuffer his ſervants to cloſe,—ſtill demanding, in wild utterance, again, and again —*one laſt—laſt look!*—

—Heavens!—how ſevere a diſtreſs!—If any reader hath been in a ſituation, to aſk for *a laſt look* of what is moſt dear to him,—and what he is going to be deprived of for ever—he alone can beſt judge, how much that boſom agonizes, that urges the requeſt!—

Though

Though SAINT CLAIR called in aid all his philoſophy, to ſupport himſelf under the loſs of his beloved Lady MARGARET, yet he was worn, by a ſilent ſorrow, which had ſo viſible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.—

In this mournful interval, the greateſt comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent viſits of their uncle, JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR—who was at that time, ABBOT of the monaſtery of SAINT AUGUSTIN, in CANTERBURY; of which place, there are, at this day, ſuch noble remains exiſting.—He was the younger brother of GEOFFRY, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of ſo much learning and virtue, that SAINT

CLAIR, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them, a very large inheritance.*—

—The

* The ingenious Mr. BATTELY, in his addition to SOMNER, has given us a ſucceſſion of the ABBOTS of SAINT AUGUSTIN, from the year 598, down to the Reformation; extracted chiefly from THORN, who was himſelf a Monk of that foundation.—But THORN's Chronicle coming no lower than 1419, the names of the ABBOTS from that period, are collected, as Mr. BATTELY tells us, from a manuſcript relating to the monaſtery, and are given without dates.

We do not find the name of JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR in the liſt; but about the time alluded to, in the LOUVAIN *Manuſcript*, mention is made of JOHN THE ABBOT, without the addition of his family name; and ſo doubtful is it, who this JOHN was, that ſome had ſuppoſed it to be JOHN DUNSTAR,

PRIOR

—The manner in which FRANCES had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother ſhe ſo much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement;—and a great convent of BENEDICTINE NUNS, not very diſtant from FEVERSHAM, happening, a few months after, to loſe their principal (who was always one of a con-

PRIOR of BATH; who, Mr. BATTELY adds, died the greateſt part of a century before, that is, in 1412.—

It is to be lamented, that monaſtic antiquities are ſo often overſhadowed by ſuch a cloud of uncertainty:—but the ſtory of the SISTERS ſeems to clear up the doubt of who this JOHN THE ABBOT was; and may diſpoſe the Antiquarian, to reinſtate JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR, in the high dignity he is ſaid to have formerly enjoyed.—

ſiderable

ſiderable family) the ABBOT of SAINT AUGUSTIN, perceiving her fixed in her ſcheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady ABBESS of it.

ISABELLA, who had never as yet been ſeparated from her ſiſter, would, on this occaſion, moſt willingly have taken the veil.—"The ſame roof," ſays ſhe, "hath ever hitherto covered us, "—the ſame have been our wiſhes,— "the ſame our purſuits;—the grave "hath divided us from thoſe, who "taught us the amiableneſs of friend- "ſhip,—and ſhall alone divide us "from one another!"—

—The ABBOT was much hurt by this declaration of his niece.—He deſired her to baniſh from her thought, ſuch a reſolution;—and fail-ed not to intimate to her, that FRANCES, having devoted herſelf to the

the cloyſter, ſhe remained the only ſupport of the family of SAINT CLAIR; that her virtues ſhould rather embelliſh ſociety, than be loſt within the walls of a monaſtery;—and wiſhed ſhe would, by accepting ſome alliance of ſuitable rank and fortune, rather permit thoſe accompliſhments to be ſeen by the world, which ſhe ſought to hide in oblivion.—

FRANCES, on her part, however ſhe was charmed with this teſtimony of her ſiſter's affection, joined in ſentiment with her uncle,—expreſſing to her, how much happier ſhe ſhould be, to ſee her ſettle herſelf by marriage, and imitate the good life, and example of their excellent mother.—

"I am not, you know," ſays ſhe, "by the religious office I fill, tied

"down

" down to all thoſe rules, which muſt
" of courſe be impoſed on you;—my
" liberty remains;—we ſhall have
" conſtant opportunities of continu-
" ing that intercourſe of love, our
" hearts ſo mutually deſire.—It will
" be the higheſt pleaſure to me, to
" ſee you united to a man worthy
" your choice;—preſerving in our fa-
" ther's caſtle, that hoſpitality, for
" which it hath ſo long been famed;
" —and whenever you ſhall wiſh to
" make a ſhort retreat from the buſ-
" tle of the world, our holy houſe
" will afford you a peaceable aſy-
" lum."—

—It was not but with great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated ſolicitations of FRANCES, and her uncle, ISABELLA was prevailed on to relinquiſh entirely,

tirely, her intentions of entering on a monaſtic life.—She reſided for ſome time, in her father's venerable old manſion on the MEDWAY, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's ſiſter;—who, at intervals, attended her on viſits to FRANCES,—and alſo, at particular ſeaſons, to the ABBOT, at his houſe, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monaſtery of SAINT AUGUSTIN.

—It was in one of theſe viſits to her uncle, that ſhe became acquainted with HENRY DE BELVILLE, between whoſe father and the ABBOT, there had long ſubſiſted a moſt firm friendſhip.—He was of good birth, though much inferior to ISABELLA in fortune; his father's eſtate having greatly ſuffered in the confuſion of thoſe turbulent times.—

BELVILLE was now in his twenty-ninth year;—his figure was graceful, and manly,—and, to a diſpoſition as amiable as his perſon, was joined an underſtanding both quick and ſtrong, and which had been improved by the moſt extenſive education, that the faſhion of the age allowed.—He had been ſent to travel over EUROPE,—had reſided in ſeveral of its principal courts;—and was now on his return from a ſhort expedition into FRANCE,—and had ſtopped at CANTERBURY, to pay his reſpects to the ABBOT, and to deliver him certain letters with which he had been charged.—

BELVILLE, on his firſt return to ENGLAND, a few years previous to the preſent period, had been honoured by the patronage of RICHARD Duke of GLOUCESTER; near whoſe

perſon he held an employment, which could not long diſpenſe with his abſence;—for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of ENGLAND, the whole nation was thrown into an hoſtile ſtate.—

It will not be wondered at, if after BELVILLE and ISABELLA had been a few days together, their mutual accompliſhments, and their mutual deſire to pleaſe, ſhould have made them much charmed with one another.—
—BELVILLE felt himſelf enamoured of his fair companion,—and had the ſatisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away.
—Though he took leave, after a ſhort time, to go to LONDON, yet he found an excuſe for returning very ſoon;
—and having reaſon to think he had made a favourable impreſſion

on

on ISABELLA, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life, in the society of so engaging a woman.—His offer was not less pleasing to ISABELLA, than it was to her uncle, and FRANCES;—the latter of whom agreed to give up to her sister, her right in the castle of SAINT CLAIR, where it was proposed they should reside.—

—Every thing was preparing for their nuptials;—and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection.—But the successful progress that the arms of HENRY OF RICHMOND, now made in the kingdom, had obliged RICHARD to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to

to attend his camp; amongſt whom, as I before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom; who at this time would moſt willingly have waved the ſervice, had not his own nice ſenſe of honour, and his zeal for his royal maſter, overcome every private motive.—

—Were I to follow cloſely, the manuſcript from whence the ſubſtance of this ſtory is drawn, it would lead me into ſome of the hiſtorical tranſactions of thoſe times, which are already ſufficiently known; — only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums beſtowed on the character, and perſon of RICHARD; upon both of which, hiſtorians have thrown ſo much deformity.—I ſhall therefore paſs over thoſe circumſtances, which are foreign to my

ſubject; and only obſerve, that the unfortunate BELVILLE was amongſt thoſe of the king's followers, who ſhared the fate of their royal maſter in BOSWORTH FIELD. — He was near RICHARD in great part of the battle, and was alſo a witneſs of his death; —and his own horſe being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confuſion, his thigh was broken; and, after RICHMOND's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with ſeveral others wounded, into LEICESTER, —where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monaſtery of BLACK FRIARS, in that city.

—His page, BERTRAM, who had ſerved him from his infancy, took care that every aſſiſtance ſhould be procured him;—but the fever, which

was occaſioned by the accident, together with the many bruiſes he had received, neither gave himſelf, or thoſe about him, any other proſpect, but that of approaching death.—

Thoſe who contemplate BELVILLE a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himſelf with every expectation of happineſs, that virtue, fortune, and an union with one of the lovelieſt of women, could preſent to his imagination;—and now picture him—ſtretched on a poor pallet,—ſurrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance ſhrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility, and reſignation, on a crucifix which they held before him,—cannot ſurely, by the contraſt, avoid dropping a ſigh, at the fallacy of human hopes!—

—A little before he expired, he deſired to be left alone with his PAGE, that he might give him his lateſt orders.—

" BERTRAM," ſays he, — looking wiſtfully on him — " the day that " hath ruined our Sovereign's fortune, " hath blaſted mine!—and that too, " in the moment when it ſhone the " faireſt! — Thou wilt ſoon render " me the laſt of thy faithful ſervices! " —Let my body reſt with the fa- " thers of this houſe,—and as ſoon " as thou haſt ſeen its due rites per- " formed, ſpeed thee to CANTER- " BURY,—and acquaint the holy AB- " BOT of SAINT AUGUSTIN, with the " bloody event of yeſterday.—Con- " jure him, that he unfold it to my " intended Bride, in ſuch manner

" as

" as his diſcretion ſhall adviſe.—Bear
" her this jewel from my finger, in
" token, that my laſt thoughts dwelt
" on her;—and tell her, my only
" ſigh in leaving the world, was for
" the loſing her, whoſe virtues ſo em-
" belliſhed it!"—

—The faithful BERTRAM dropped a tear of affection and gratitude, over the grave of his gallant maſter;—and journeying to CANTERBURY with a burſting heart, preſented himſelf before the ABBOT, with ſuch a countenance, as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.—

The arrival of BELVILLE'S PAGE, could not be long a ſecret to ISABELLA, who was then at her uncle's; and whoſe mind inſtantly foreboded ſome extraordinary event;—though the

news of the battle had not yet reached that city.—

When SAINT CLAIR was himſelf ſufficiently compoſed, to open the mournful buſineſs to his niece, he ſpared none of that ghoſtly comfort, which a good man would offer on ſuch an occaſion; — though the amount of all that can be ſaid to the ſons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this,—that it is our duty, and our intereſt, to bear, with patience, that which it is not in our power to alter!—The emotions of nature muſt ſubſide, before the ſoothing voice of reaſon can be heard!—

ISABELLA, after giving way to the firſt tranſports of paſſion, aſſumed a fortitude, and reſignation, which her piety alone could inſpire.—She deſired that BERTRAM might be detained,

tained, two, or three days, at the monaſtery,—and as ſoon as her mind was more fortified, ſhe would diſpatch him to her ſiſter FRANCES, whom ſhe could then bear to ſee with more calmneſs;—and to whom ſhe ſent the following letter, by the hands of the PAGE.

" Moſt beloved Siſter,

" I am plunged from the height of " imaginary happineſs, into the depth " of real diſtreſs!—The meſſenger " who delivers this, will inform you " of my ſituation,—and to him I re- " fer you for particulars, which I am " unable to dwell on.—BELVILLE is " no more!—All that dream of hap- " pineſs, which I hoped for, from " an alliance with that dear, that

 " amiable

" amiable man, is vaniſhed in an
" inſtant!—and I wake into a world,
" that hath no object for my regard,
" but the affection of my ever tender
" FRANCES!—I ſupport my adverſity
" with all the fortitude I can ſum-
" mon up;—but Heaven only knows
" the ſtruggles of my heart!—From
" the time that the united ſolicita-
" tions of you, and my Uncle, pre-
" vailed on me (though reluctantly)
" to abſent myſelf from you, my
" ſoul hath been agitated between
" hope and diſappointment!—I will
" truſt the fallacy of the world no
" more;—the remainder of my days
" ſhall be paſſed with you;—and we
" will end life as we began it, in an
" inſeparable union.—Your converſe,
" and the ſolitude of a cloiſter, can

" alone

" alone reſtore tranquillity to the
" mind, of your ever faithful, and
" diſconſolate

" ISABELLA."

When the Lady ABBESS ſaw her Siſter, ſhe found her ſtill more confirmed in her reſolution of entering on a monaſtic life.—Her Uncle, conceiving it might beſt reſtore a calm to her troubled ſpirits, no longer oppoſed it;—and as ſoon as her affairs were properly adjuſted, and every thing prepared, ſhe took the veil in the convent where FRANCES preſided.

—ISABELLA now found in religion, the only conſolation for her paſt misfortunes;—and though the remembrance of her beloved BELVILLE, would often come acroſs her, and ſpread a temporary

porary gloom over her mind,—yet ſhe conſtantly ſtrove to diſpel it, by piety and reſignation. — The Two SISTERS enjoyed all that heart-felt pleaſure, which ariſes from rooted friendſhip; — and, as the effects of benevolent diſpoſitions operate on all around, theirs ſerved to communicate happineſs to all the Siſterhood.—

The LOUVAIN *Manuſcript* informs us, that after theſe ladies had paſſed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the ABBESS was ſeized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung ſo long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life.—It is not difficult to conceive, how ſevere ISABELLA's ſufferings were, in this dreadful interval of ſuſpenſe and apprehenſion, or the anxieties of her mind,

mind, till her Siſter was reſtored to health.—

FRANCES, during her illneſs, had made a private vow to the *Bleſſed Virgin* MARY, that if ſhe recovered, ſhe would ſend ſome coſtly offering to a chapel, which was conſecrated to her, at a little Port, called BRADSTOW, or BROAD-STAIRS, in the Iſle of THANET (part of which chapel is at this day remaining);—and in which, her image was eſteemed to work ſuch great miracles, that Pilgrims came from parts very remote, to viſit it;—and it was held in ſuch veneration, that all ſhips paſſing within ſight of it, are reported to have conſtantly lowered their top-ſails, to ſalute it.—And the feaſt of the INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS, which was the third day of MAY, being to be celebrated there, with

with great ſolemnity,—her gratitude for her recovery, and for the ſuppoſed interceſſion of the VIRGIN, determined her to go herſelf at that time and fulfil her vow.—

ISABELLA obtained permiſſion to accompany her Siſter in this devout purpoſe;—and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horſe almoſt the only conveyance—they reſolved to put themſelves, with two attendants, aboard a paſſage-ſloop, that uſually went, at ſtated times, from FEVERSHAM to BROAD-STAIRS, and other parts along the coaſt, between that place and the DOWNS.

—They ſet ſail in the evening, but had not been at ſea above two hours, before a violent ſtorm aroſe.—Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coaſt, quite to the mouth

mouth of the THAMES, knows how difficult it is rendered, by reaſon of the many flats, and banks of ſand, that obſtruct it.—

—The ſuddenneſs and fury of the ſtorm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a diſmay amongſt all the paſſengers; —and the mariners, from the oppoſition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the veſſel.—To purſue their courſe was impracticable; —they therefore attempted to ſave themſelves, by running in on the ſhore, at a place called RECULVER (which is a ſmall village, though of great antiquity, ſituate on the border of the Iſle of THANET);— but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from diſcerning exactly, whereabout they

were.—Every endeavour to reach the ſhore was fruſtrated by the ſtorm driving them from it;—and their ſails being all ſhattered, a ſudden ſwell of the ſea, bore them quite out of their direction, and ſtruck the veſſel on a bank of ſand, called the HORSE, that lies a little off from RECULVER.—

—The ſurprize—the confuſion—and the image of death, that muſt naturally ruſh into the minds of people, who are on the point of being wrecked,—can only be juſtly felt, or deſcribed, by thoſe, who have ſtood in ſo dreadful a ſituation.—Each one recommended himſelf to GOD, and to his *Tutelar Saint*.—The mariners hoiſted out their long-boat, as precipitately as they could;—and that which moſt agitated the thoughts of FRANCES

and

and ISABELLA, was, the mutual preſervation of each other.—

Scarce was the boat on the ſurface of the waves, when every one was eager to ruſh into it;—for it was certain the veſſel muſt bulge in a few hours, — and, to add to the horror, night advanced.—The Captain, almoſt by force, dragged the Lady ABBESS, and her Siſter, from the cabin,—and ſcarce had he helped the firſt, half dead as ſhe was, down the ſide of the ſhip, when thoſe who were already in the boat, finding they muſt all periſh, if more got in, puſhed off inſtantly, and rowed towards ſhore, —in ſpite of the menaces of the Captain, who ſtood on deck, ſupporting ISABELLA,—the intreaties of the ABBESS, who was wild to return,—

turn,—or the cries of the paſſengers left behind.

—The only faint hope which now remained to thoſe on board, was, that the veſſel might poſſibly hold together, till ſome aſſiſtance could be obtained from the ſhore; which they ſtill flattered themſelves would come, in caſe the boat reached the land,—which it providentially did, though with the utmoſt riſk.—Every one who remained in the veſſel was reſigned to his fate;—and ſurrounded as ISABELLA was, by impending death, it afforded no ſmall conſolation to her, to think, there was a poſſibility that her Siſter had eſcaped.

—It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durſt venture out;—when, the ſtorm abating,

ing with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat put off to the wreck.—When thoſe who went to aſſiſt, got to it, they found all the people on board, retired to different places beneath the deck,—great part of which was broken away.—ISABELLA had remained in the cabin; one ſide of which was alſo waſhed off, and the room half filled with water;—ſhe was almoſt exhauſted, by the terrors ſhe had ſuſtained,—the bruiſes ſhe had received,—and the extreme cold in which ſhe had ſo long ſuffered.—They led her with the utmoſt gentleneſs from this wretched place,—while ſhe, all pale, and trembling, ſcarcely comprehended at firſt what they were doing;—yet life ſeemed to flush anew in her countenance, on

hearing that her Siſter was preſerved.—

—As ſoon as they had brought her on ſhore, ſhe was ſupported by ſeveral women, who were waiting to receive her; and conducted to the houſe where the Lady ABBESS was.—FRANCES, tranſported at the firſt ſight of her Siſter, ran out to meet ISABELLA,—who, the moment ſhe approached, made an effort to ſpring forward to her, but ſunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants.—FRANCES claſped her hand, and in her eager joy, would have uttered ſomething, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a ſwoon.—

ISABELLA was immediately put into bed, and received every aſſiſtance that could be procured;—but her

ſtrength

ſtrength and ſpirits were ſo far exhauſted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining ſo many hours in water, that ſhe lived but till the evening of the following day.—

FRANCES, though ſtill ſinking from the ſhock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her Siſter, her own ſufferings.—She never ſtirred from her bedſide,—and often accuſed herſelf, as being the fatal cauſe of all that had befallen her, by ſuffering her attendance in this expedition.—ISABELLA chid her for thinking ſo,—declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which ſhe patiently ſubmitted.—"Though we came into "the world together," ſays ſhe, "yet "as we were not deſtined to periſh

" together,—a time muſt inevitably
" have come, when death would have
" diſſolved our union.—I rejoice that
" I am not the ſurvivor.—I die,
" where I have ever wiſhed to live,
" in the arms of the moſt beloved of
" Siſters.—Pray for the repoſe of my
" ſoul;—and lay me in the tomb
" which you have allotted to be your
" own—that one grave may in death
" hold our Remains, who in life had
" but one heart."

The loſs of ISABELLA plunged the lady ABBESS into that deep diſtreſs, which minds, formed like her's, with the nobleſt ſentiments of tenderneſs, and benevolence, muſt, on ſuch a trial, inevitably feel.—She cauſed the body of her unfortunate Siſter to be tranſported in ſolemnity, to their convent;—where, after it had been ex-

poſed

poſed with accuſtomed rites, it was depoſited, with every mark of reſpect, in a vault, on one ſide of the ſhrine of SAINT BENEDICT,—bedewed with tears of the moſt heart-felt ſorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the Siſterhood.—

—When time and reflection had ſomewhat calmed her affliction, FRANCES failed not to tranſmit, by the hands of her Confeſſor, (her uncle, the ABBOT, having been ſometime dead*) her intended offering to the *Virgin*

* This circumſtance ſeems fully to decide the point of JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR being the ABBOT, whoſe family name is loſt in all the Chronicles of SAINT AUGUSTIN's monaſtery.—Mr. BATTELY tells us, that JOHN THE ABBOT died in 1497;

Virgin of BROAD-STAIRS,—accompanied by a donation of twelve maſſes, to be ſaid for the repoſe of ISABELLA's ſoul.—And ſoon after, to perpetuate the memory of her Siſter,—as well as to direct mariners in their courſe,—that they might eſcape the ſad calamity herſelf had ſo fatally experienced,—ſhe cauſed a very ancient church that ſtood on a riſing ground juſt above the village of RECULVER, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be reſtored, and much enlarged,—and at one end thereof erected *two Towers* with *lofty Spires* upon them,—the which ſhe directed ſhould be called

and the connexion this ſtory has with the battle of BOSWORTH FIELD, which was fought in 1485, fixes the preſent period to be in ſome part of the year 1500.

THE

THE SISTERS;—and to this day it retains the name, and is a ſea-mark of great utility.—

In leſs than ſeven years, the whole church was completed; which ſhe endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune;—and ordained, that there ſhould be celebrated one ſolemn maſs, *on the firſt day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *firſt of May*); and that a perpetual litany ſhould be ſung, for the eternal peace of the departed ISABELLA.—

She lived to ſee this her Will executed,—as well as to beſtow many other charitable donations,—not only on the convent over which ſhe preſided,—but on ſeveral other religious inſtitutions;—and was, from her ami-

able character, and pious example, beloved, and reſpected to the laſt hour of her life.—

She ſurvived ISABELLA eleven years, and died moſt ſincerely, and deſervedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.—

Her Remains, purſuant to her own deſire, were depoſited by the ſide of thoſe of her Siſter, with all that ſolemnity due to her high rank and office.—A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a croſs,—and beneath it, a plate of braſs, recording their unſhaken friendſhip.—

—Faithful,—congenial ſpirits!—in whatſoever world ye reſide, peace be your lot! — as virtue was your portion

tion here!—Long, long may this memorial of your love remain!—to guide the dubious veſſel in its courſe, and make your names bleſt by the wanderers of the deep!—

SHIP-NEWS.

THERE rarely paſſed a day, during my ſtay at MARGATE, of which I did not ſpend ſome portion in the ſociety of CLERMONT, and his ſiſter.—On calling upon them this afternoon, I thought every body's countenance ſaluted me, with more than its wonted good-humour.—It is a circumſtance that ever gives one the moſt pleaſant feelings.

—As I, in turn, addreſſed my inquiries to MARIANNE, I perceived a bluſh on her cheek,—together with a little apparent hurry of ſpirits.—She was moving about the room in queſt of ſomething,—and preſently went up ſtairs—either to look for a fan, *which ſhe had in her pocket*—or her work-bag,

work-bag, which *hung upon her arm*, —though more probably to give AMELIA an opportunity of ſpeaking with me.

—If I had not known, ſaid that Lady, that you were to dine to-day at SAINT LAURENCE, I ſhould certainly have ſent you a ſummons;—for I was impatient to tell you, that both my young friend, and myſelf, have received letters, this morning, from STERLING, who is got to IRELAND.—Mine breathes the effuſion of a grateful mind, kindly approving, and applauding, the part I have acted; —MARIANNE's I have kept in my pocket, for your peruſal;—and I now think nothing more can diſturb an union, in which I confeſs myſelf intereſted, with the fondeſt feelings of a mother.—But read the letter.—

" I ſeize

" I ſeize the earlieſt moment, of
" informing my deareſt Girl, of my
" ſafe arrival in IRELAND,—where I
" hope I ſhall ſoon complete my buſi-
" neſs—and then ſet my ſails to-
" ward ENGLAND, whither all my
" thoughts, and wiſhes, are flown be-
" fore me.—I have a thouſand things
" to ſay to you,—but time will only
" allow me to tell you, that your's
" and AMELIA's letters, reached me
" at the CAPE. — Heavens! — how
" was I tortured, when I learned who
" it was, that had ſo cruelly,—though
" ſo unſucceſsfully,—tampered with
" our feelings!—Poor EDMUND!—
" but his name ſhall never again be
" mentioned;—he cannot be more
" ſeverely puniſhed, than to reflect,
" that in the exigencies of future
" life, he hath deprived himſelf,

for

" for ever, of the comfort and affec-
" tion of ſuch a ſiſter!—Yourſelf,
" and your faithful protectreſs, have
" been the guardians of my happi-
" neſs.—But I hope I have many
" years before me, to pay that debt,
" which my heart ſo gratefully avows;
" —though the debts of *Senſibility*,
" and of *Love*, are the reverſe of all
" others,—for, in the intercourſe of
" feeling minds, every attempt to *diſ-*
" *charge* them, proves but the means
" to *increaſe* them!—Be this, my
" deareſt MARIANNE, the commerce
" of our lives!—I muſt now bid you
" adieu,—that I may, before the de-
" parture of the poſt, expreſs to your
" generous friend, how much her
" conduct hath obliged me.—I wait
" the moment with impatience, when

" my

" my lips can better aſſure you, how
" much I am for ever

" Your's, *&c.*

" STERLING."

AMELIA, all the while I was reading the letter, was wiping away a tear,—and CLERMONT bruſhed off half a dozen that had ſilently ſlipt from his eyes.

—Well, ſays he, when I had finiſhed it,—what think you now of the young man?—If his heart does not hang in the right place, I will never have an opinion of my own while I breathe.—I have not a doubt, but he will make my *adopted niece*, a ſenſible, manly, and affectionate huſband.—You ſmile at my calling her ſo;—but I muſt own to you, that I

wiſh to imbibe every partiality of my ſiſter's; — and MARIANNE is ſuch a natural, engaging character, that to know her well, and not be partial to her, would be an impoſſibility.— But, my old acquaintance, I have ſomething more to ſay to you on this ſubject, for EMILY vows that no one but yourſelf, ſhall perform the matrimonial ceremony;—and ſhe is confident that you are too much intereſted for her friend, to have any objection.—

—She may be aſſured, I can have none.—There is ſo much real ſatisfaction in being *intentionally*, or even *officially*, an inſtrument to the happy union of others, that I feel an obligation to any one, who ſuggeſts to me the means of becoming ſo.—My precarious health, continued I, would never

never allow me to execute the calls of my profeſſion, where the duty was conſiderable;—nor my principles, to accept *a truſt*, which I felt myſelf *unable to perform*,—yet its offices have been ever ready to the claims of humanity, or of friendſhip.—And to ſay truth, Madam, in the one you now ſolicit, I am as lucky a perſon as you could poſſibly apply to,—for I never married but three couple;—and though ſeveral years have ſince elapſed, yet I never meet them, without ſeeing a ſmile on their countenances, and receiving, from both ſides, a repetition of their thanks;—and this cordial acknowledgment, charms me the more in one of them, who was my intimate at College; as his happineſs can only ariſe from the great ſuperiority of his mind, to the narrowneſs

rowneſs of his fortune;—for with the education and deportment of a gentleman, and a ſcholar,—and under the difficulties, which the providing for five children muſt create,—he had never ſufficient intereſt to procure a living,—yet cheerfully goes through the daily, laborious duty of an extenſive, and populous pariſh, which he ſuſtains with the conſcientiouſneſs of an apoſtle, for ſeventy pounds a year; while his dignified rector, who rarely viſits the place, receives more than ſix times that ſum from it!—

It is to be lamented, reſumed CLERMONT, that the preferments of the church are not more equally divided;—many have too much,—and the greater part of the clergy, far too little;—and, though I would not

doubt, but that in the diſpoſal of the good things of this world, merit hath ſometimes its ſhare; yet the only true paſſport to the obtaining them, is, what you call in this country, *connexion*.—Without the aid of a patron who has intereſt, mere merit ſtands but little chance of being noticed;—and a man, even with the ſhining virtues of your friend, may continue to ſtarve on a curacy, all the days of his life.—

—But my good Sir, allow me one word more on the ſubject—No one more truly reſpects the clergy than myſelf, when their doctrine, and their characters, illuſtrate each other—nay, I firmly believe, that mankind are univerſally diſpoſed to reverence their function;—but, bred a merchant,—and accuſtomed to look daily, on the

debtor

debtor and *creditor* ſide of my books, —and to have a conſtant eye on the *balance* of both,—I am at a loſs to gueſs what kind of *conſcientious balance* ſome of your Dignitaries ſtrike, who undertake the *cure of ſouls*, yet ſo far from affording them their ſalutary aid, do not even know either *them*, or their *diſorders*.—You will excuſe me, my friend,—but it ſeems to be juſt the caſe of an apothecary, who ſhould charge his *own attendance*, yet entruſt all his patients to the ſole inſpection of his *journeyman*.—

Prithee, *how can you account* for this total negligence? or, for what is almoſt as culpable,—the being ſo little of the vigilant ſhepherd, as only to look after the *flock* in the time of *ſheering*?—

—I am inclined to hope, ſaid I,

for the honour of my profeſſion, that this is not in general the caſe; and ſhall therefore only reply to you, that as it is a queſtion not ſo proper to be anſwered by proxy, I would rather leave its deciſion to thoſe whom it may concern.—

This, however, you may depend on —that it is *to be accounted for.*—

THE THEATRE.

ALL the crowned heads of the MARGATE drama would, unqueſtionably, take it amiſs, ſhould they be paſſed over in ſilence.—Though it is my wiſh to *pleaſe* all,—I poſſeſs a deſire equally ſtrong to *offend* none,—and leaſt of all, thoſe who exert their abilities for the entertainment of others.—Though the Kings,—Lords,—and Commons,—in their theatrical barn aſſembled, convey ſuch confuſed ideas of the perſonages they repreſent, that they become caricatures inſtead of characters;—nor do they probably, in general aim at any thing more,—for there is uſually ſuch a poverty, and laughable diſtreſs, running through the whole performance, as renders Comedy

extremely ridiculous, and Tragedy truly comical.—

Some ladies of AMELIA's acquaintance, having, through humanity, patronized one of the poor players, beſpoke HAMLET,—and exerted their intereſt to fill the houſe—it being for the *benefit* of the GHOST, and his wife.

CLERMONT and I were ſolicited to be of the party;—but the Theatre being much crowded, I found myſelf unable to ſuſtain the heat of it.—My friend and I, therefore, before the curtain drew up, retired behind the ſcenes;—and indeed, when we were got there, perceived but little probability, that it would draw up the whole evening,—for ſurely never was beheld ſuch a ſcene of confuſion, as then appeared, in what ſerved both

for

ſor their general dreſſing-room, and green-room.—

The centinels, who were to mount guard before the palace of the *Royal* DANE, for want of having any uniform in the wardrobe, had borrowed a couple of ſailors jackets.—HORATIO was ſtriding about in a monſtrous rage,—declaring he would not act, becauſe his own benefit had been unjuſtly put back.—The manager, who was corpulent enough to have perſonated FALSTAFF, even almoſt without ſtuffing, —apparelled as young HAMLET, was in no leſs a paſſion too,—damning the GHOST's *blood* for being in liquor,—who, as well as his wife, had, on the credit of the many tickets which were taken, given way, through exceſs of joy, at dinner, to an indulgence they ſhould more pru-

dently have poſtponed till night.—The GHOST had little to ſay in his defence, — but his lady, now the *Queen Mother*,—ſat royally robed on a joint-ſtool,—and whilſt ſhe was dabbing the laſt colouring on her cheeks, hickupped, with much brevity, their mutual apology.—Nor did the diſtreſs end here—a ſmith was ſent for to break open OPHELIA's *coffin*,—which ſerving as a travelling trunk to this itinerant company, the GHOST's *helmet*, POLONIUS's *wig*, together with ſome of the DANISH *regalia*, were lodged within it;—and the manager, having alſo depoſited with them a half anker of *run ſpirits*, had ſo carefully put away the key, that in the hurry it could not be found,—ſo that the muſic kept playing *roaſt beef*, and every popular tune they could

could think on, to amuſe the impatient audience, who knew nothing of the woeful diſorder that reigned behind.

—The performance was ſuch as might naturally be ſuppoſed from the ſituation and temper of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*.—The GHOST compoſed himſelf far better than I expected,—except, that in the cloſet ſcene, he exerted more violence than became his character;—and ruſhing in, too eagerly, dropped his coat of mail which was accidentally untied.—However, as his ſhirt happened to be clean, he might paſs in it full as well for an inhabitant of the other world, as he did in his old leathern armour.

—OPHELIA's dirty ſilk gown, had been deſtined for a woman far more ſlender than herſelf,—on which account,

count, the robings pinned almoſt at her hips, and left her in great difficulties to form a convenient ſtomacher.—Neither ſhe, nor the QUEEN could raiſe a pair of gloves,—and the latter having ſcalded her arm, by taking off a pot from the fire, was compelled to appear with it bound round with old linen, — which, in truth but *ill became the majeſty of* DENMARK.—The play was received with great indulgence, and excited much more mirth, than it did either terror, or pity.—

I have often conſidered myſelf, when behind the ſcenes of more reſpectable theatres, to be in the ſituation of thoſe who are in reality about ſuch elevated characters in life, as on the ſtage are only perſonated.—They ſtand in a very different point of view

to

to thoſe who obſerve them near, when they are not acting their parts,—and who ſee what poor, flimſy materials contribute to deck them out, as objects for the public eye!

—It is of much moment, on which ſide of the curtain we contemplate either men, or things!—

It were next to impoſſible to ſee ſuch noble ſcenes, as are interſperſed in this whimſical tragedy, blundered through, and converted to farce, without their exciting a hearty laugh;—and yet, on the beſt regulated theatres, how few are there who can ſupport a fine drawn character chaſtly, and admirably throughout?—The dignified ſcenes of the *Tragic Muſe*, beſides an harmonious voice and ear, ſuperadded to very many perſonal accompliſhments in the player, demand

ſtrong

ſtrong judgment, and delicate feelings,—and thoſe who poſſeſs this aſſemblage of endowments (a few exceptions allowed) rarely chooſe to expoſe their talents in a ſituation of this nature.—Should any future faſhion render the profeſſion eligible, there would be found, with ſuch advantages, no myſtery in it,—nor would the ſtage feel the want of as great ornaments, as it hath hitherto ever boaſted.—The ſame argument muſt inevitably appear juſt, with reſpect to the *lighter ſcenes* of the drama;—it being difficult for an actor, without the aid of a very ſuperior genius, to delineate, with eaſe, and propriety, manners which he is not *familiarized* to himſelf.—Hence it is, that the characters of genteel comedy, are thoſe which in general ſuffer the moſt in repre-

repreſentation, — while the ſtrong-marked features of common life, rarely fail of receiving their due colouring.—

As CLERMONT and I, between the play and the farce, were debating theſe matters, on an old form, which ten minutes before had conſtituted the *Throne* of DENMARK—Our neighbours, ſays my friend, underſtand this buſineſs better;—their natural vivacity, and habitual politeneſs, give them great advantages on the ſtage, —and their's is the only ſtage I have ſeen, where their people of rank and faſhion are perfectly well perſonated. —When they get into their buſkins, I own there is far more declamation, than I think natural—but their dramatic compoſitions are excellent.— I know not whether a long abſence

from the ENGLISH theatre, and a frequent attendance on the FRENCH one, hath vitiated my judgment,—but I confeſs, I love a tragedy that ends happily, and where the ſtruggles of virtue are crowned with triumph.—*Pity* is a more pleaſing exerciſe of the human mind, than *terror*!—Scenes of this kind, I have ever obſerved, are honoured with the moſt tears;—and tears are the plaudits of unerring nature!—A judicious writer will deeply intereſt the paſſions—awaken ſenſibility,—and penetrate every avenue to the heart, without the aid of either murder, or of death;—which, by being made too familiar to our ſight, ſoon loſe the effect they ſhould inſpire.—To ſpeak plainly, I think we have dealt rather too largely in daggers, and poiſon, on this ſide of the water

—I hate a fifth act, which, as this of to-night, makes the ſtage like the ſhop of a *carcaſe butcher*.—If we had our eye a little more on the FRENCH theatre, I can never believe we ſhould write the worſe for it.—

—For Heaven's ſake, my good friend, cried I, forbear any parallel!—Ever live *well* with thoſe you muſt live *with*; — people do not always give up opinion with good-humour. —The great ſcenes of SHAKESPEARE,—which no pen hath hitherto either *rivalled*, or *approached*,—will, I hope, ever live on our ſtage, in ſpite of ſome few abſurd ones with which they are intermixed. — You muſt conſider this PRODIGY of NATURE, as born in an age, when the rules of dramatic writing were but little ſtudied, even in the moſt poliſhed nations.—

tions.—Many of his ſucceſſors, who copied his faults, though unable to imitate his beauties, may in truth, afford you an ample field for criticiſm —However, to pacify your ſpirit, allow me to ſay, that ſince the period when you left ENGLAND, we have had our obligations to the FRENCH theatre,—and very many pieces, whoſe groſs *Abſurdities* did not ſhock our wiſe grand-fathers,—nor whoſe great *Immodeſty* put our virtuous grand-mothers out of countenance,—would not, I aſſure you, now be allowed an audience.—

Step by ſtep, we ſhall draw nearer to truth,—and it is no ſmall advance toward *Taſte* and *Nature*,—to have got rid of *Indecency*, and *Improbability*.

EDUCATION.

CLERMONT poſſeſſes one of the beſt of hearts, together with an excellent underſtanding, much improved by books, yet far more by a long knowledge of the world—but is at the ſame time, ſo ſettled in his opinions, that he will not readily give up a point.—

—After our return from the play, no ſooner was the ſupper-cloth removed, than he entered again on the topic of dramatic writing; which led him naturally enough, in defence of what he had before urged on that head, to aſcribe much of our notions, on this ſubject, to the *Prejudices of Education*; —which being allowed by both of us, all the weight they neceſſarily muſt

have, like moſt diſputants we ſoon got a little wide of the mark from whence we ſtarted, and inſenſibly found ourſelves on new ground—nay, on the very ground from whence thoſe *Prejudices* ſpring.

What we meet with every day, continued CLERMONT, is ſo familiarized to us, that it paſſes without making the ſmalleſt impreſſion,—the mind rarely pauſes to conſider it;—and hence many a local error, or abſurdity, is ſtill perſevered in—Now I have myſelf been ſo long an Alien from my own country, and thereby become a citizen of the world, that I may poſſibly, from the above cauſe (you will excuſe me, my friend) view many things that relate to modern education, in a very different light from yourſelf.

My own obſervations, ſaid I, will lead me to aſſent readily, to the truth of what you have been aſſerting, " That the youth of moſt countries " in EUROPE, appear to be much " earlier faſhioned to the world, than " our own ;"—that is, they attain the manners, and deportment of men, at a much earlier period.—Accuſtomed to a conſtant intercourſe with ladies, they cultivate that habitual attention and politeneſs, which is not eaſily acquired in recluſe ſeminaries, ſolely devoted to learning—nor, indeed, do they at the ſame time ſeem deficient either in uſeful, or ornamental ſcience —but, like ſkilful gardeners, make the moſt of the ſoil, and ſpread out both fruit, and flowers, in the ſame ſeaſon.—Whether they may be ſo deep grounded in GREEK and LATIN,

I leave to the deciſion of our *Heads of Houſes* — being myſelf a traveller only in purſuit of NATURE; — and if in any of my SKETCHES, I occaſionally introduce the effects of ART, it is merely as a back-ground, to contraſt, and throw forward, the great object I aim to delineate.—

As to your *Heads of Houſes*, replied CLERMONT, they would decide it againſt all EUROPE, without taking one turn round their QUADRANGLE, to debate the queſtion.—I would, however, on no account, be underſtood to depreciate a profound knowledge in either of thoſe languages; — you may recollect, when we were together at the Univerſity, I was eſteemed a good proficient in both—yet, though they have pleaſurably filled up many parts of my life, I cannot ſay that

the profit they have been of to me, has been in the ſmalleſt degree *adequate* to the waſte of years that elapſed in attaining them;—and of years—be it remembered—that return no more! —I ſee no reaſon why they might not be acquired in a far ſhorter time —How little a ſpace makes us maſters, of not only one, but of many of the tongues of EUROPE! — nay, much deeper maſters too, than moſt of us ever become of the others! — I cannot but think our ſyſtem of education, rather calculated for Beings who could inſure *half a century* of longer exiſtence, than is commonly allotted to the race of man.—A *fourth part* of the very longeſt life,—and a *full half* of what the generality of mankind actually know, is almoſt ſolely appropriated to the being able

to read, and conſtrue, two dead languages, that have been more than a thouſand years out of uſe;—and, though I may be thought to merit being burnt for a *Heretic*, I muſt aſk you, what is the ſum of knowledge which they convey?—and to which this large portion of our days is devoted?—Of the books that are put into our hands, the far greater part are the POETS, who inſtruct us in the extravagant ſyſtem of *Ancient Mythology*—than which human folly never invented any thing, ſo compleatly abſurd,—ſo compleatly vicious.—The boy has no ſooner got grounded in his catechiſm, than he is introduced to a familiarity with the HEATHEN DIVINITIES, male and female!—and ſuch a ſet of ragamuffins they are, as hardly ever diſgraced the earth;—unjuſt,—

juſt,—libidinous,—revengeful,—with more than mortal failings, and with more than mortal paſſions,—ſpreading their vices through all regions, and peopling half the globe with their baſtard progeny!—

Downright *Hereſy* indeed! cried I.—But downright truth, nevertheleſs, reſumed my old friend;—nor need I prove it, by citing examples which every ſchool-boy hath his head crammed with:—Only as one inſtance, let us take the character of JUPITER, *the father of all the gods*;—married to his own ſiſter,—filling heaven and earth with his enormous debaucheries,—uſing his omnipotence only to accompliſh his abandoned purpoſes,—deſcending in a ſhower of gold to raviſh DANAE,—reverſing even the laws of Nature,—transforming him-

ſelf into an *Eagle*, for GANYMEDE,—into a *Bull*, to indulge his paſſion for EUROPA,—and into a *Swan*, to commit a rape on LEDA — who, in conſequence of her criminal intercourſe with the Thunderer of OLYMPUS, is ordained to lay *a couple of eggs*, from which ſhe *hatches* CASTOR, and POLLUX, and their Two Siſters!—

Such are ſome of the outlines that diſtinguiſh JOVE himſelf!—and ſuch are the *firſt rudiments* of inſtruction that are poured into the youthful mind!—So that almoſt every lad who happens to depart this life, before he goes to the Univerſity, leaves the world with very little other knowledge, than this incoherent jargon which hath inſulted his underſtanding!—

—I much doubt, replied I, whether

ther their Reverences have ever conſidered this point,—and I muſt freely own, that there is much plauſibility in what you have ſaid.—We are all certain, that our *firſt impreſſions* are thoſe which are retained the longeſt, and are with the utmoſt difficulty, if ever, effaced. — In the morning of life, when the mind, like an unfolding flower, is ſhooting upward,—and eager after novelty, nouriſhes itſelf with every thing that is planted near it—it is ſurely of much moment that it ſhould be *watered* with the *pureſt ſprings!*—and reared to TRUTH and VIRTUE, by the moſt unwearied attention!—A knowledge of *Ancient Mythology* is of great aid, in a later period of life, to the flights of poetry,—and hath opened a more ſpacious field to the imitative arts;—but how far

far theſe ſcenes of fiction, and theſe contemptible immortals you have deſcribed, are proper to be the firſt acquaintance of our youth, before we have abilities to ſeparate *Truth*, from *Allegory*,—or what better knowledge ſhould engage that early ſeaſon,—is a queſtion I would wiſh to leave undecided,—at leaſt, undecided by myſelf.—

As I have been leſs ſcrupulous, reſumed CLERMONT, on the ſubject, and as you have already denounced me a *Heretic*, it will coſt but a faggot extraordinary, if, in the ſame cauſe, I advance one ſtep farther,—and expreſs to you my doubts, whether alſo the filling of boys heads, with the wild ſtories of *Ancient Heroes*, who are held out as ſecondary objects of their attention, might not, on the whole,

whole, be better omitted. — Diſtinguiſhed examples of magnanimity, and virtue, when diveſted of all legendary nonſenſe, ſhould, unqueſtionably, be ſtrongly impreſſed on their memories,—but the generality of thoſe who have deſcended to our times, under the denomination of HEROES, have been ſuch as have acquired that title, from their unjuſt conqueſts, and lawleſs devaſtations. —It is to be lamented, that the world hath implicitly affixed ſo much imaginary repute to their names, that, trained up in their *ſplendid deluſions*, young people, I fear, much too often, read the ſad annals they have ſtained with blood, without feeling that laudable indignation, for the violated rights of humanity, which, but for the *impoſitions* of Education, Nature

ture would excite in their boſoms.—I freely own, I have ſo little veneration for this claſs of Beings, that I feel a ſatisfaction whenever their titles are depreciated,—and am happy to find, that there are people in the world bold enough to diſgrace daily, even the name of a CÆSAR—by making it the appellation of a ſnivelling *Lap Dog*, or a little *Negro Slave* in a WEST-INDIAN family.—

As this ſubject hath engaged our thoughts, I cannot quit it, without expreſſing my wonder, that in our eager and long purſuits of *dead languages*, ſo little attention is paid to the being correct, and elegant in *our own*; which, through future years, is to convey all our ſentiments.—Whether we are deſtined to ſhine in public as orators, or authors,—or fill with grace,

grace, the ſtations of private life—I am well perſuaded it would be a moſt beneficial part of education, were our youth accuſtomed to read aloud, and declaim in Engliſh.—Their ear would become habituated to cadence,—the voice inſenſibly learn to give ſtrength, and harmony, to every period,—and they could not fail of acquiring a purity of ſtyle.—From this omiſſion, how frequently do we meet with men of great learning, whoſe reading gives one pain?—How often is fine reaſoning delivered, without commanding attention?—The offices of the Church performed, without energy,—and the debates of the Senate, diveſted of that elocution, which always ſo powerfully graces both the ſpeaker, and the argument?

On this head, returned I, I totally join with you.—You muſt remember Dr. CLASSIC, the ſenior fellow of our college;—no man *deeper* in the GREEK and ROMAN tongues,—no man *ſhallower* in his own;—he could write twenty pages of CICERONIAN LATIN,—but talked ENGLISH as coarſely as a waſherwoman,—and read it in a worſe tone than the bellman.—

—I am rather ſurprized, brother, ſays AMELIA, that in your criticiſm on modern education, the mode of training up young ladies, ſhould have eſcaped your remarks,—in which *Fiddlers* and *Dancing-maſters* are conſidered as the *ſupreme object* of attention; and may fairly diſpute the time with your GREEK and LATIN.—

Why truly, Madam, replied CLERMONT, the fine parts which Nature hath

hath beſtowed on your ſex, are not always, I muſt confeſs, cultivated in the moſt advantageous manner;—and perhaps, too much ſtreſs is laid on thoſe external accompliſhments, which, in a very few years, are neglected, even by thoſe, who have attained them with ſo much time and aſſiduity!—But women, my dear EMILY, who poſſeſs the good ſenſe you are miſtreſs of, perceive the *Inſufficiency* of faſhion, and of themſelves rectify its *Errors*.—

—I am much obliged to you for your compliment, brother; and hope, for the credit of our ſex, that the ſentiments you entertain of us, are juſt. —I have ever wiſhed my young friend here to *follow*, but not *ſacrifice* to faſhion.—External accompliſhments are great

great aids to perſonal charms,—but beauty, if not aſſiſted by ſomething more, hath rarely ſufficient power to maintain long the conqueſt it hath made.—It is only when united with the graces of the mind, that its victory becomes complete!—The Friend,—the Companion,—and the Miſtreſs,—then join to bind faſt the chaplet of Love,—and the empire of domeſtic happineſs, is founded not in *paſſion*, but in the *Heart!*—But our candles are almoſt burnt out, and it is time, I think, to withdraw.—

I did not apprehend, Madam, ſaid I (looking at my watch, and perceiving it was paſt twelve) that we had treſpaſſed ſo much on your hour—but my friend's GODS and HEROES have led us into the ſcrape,—and, I fear,

fear, will lead him into a greater one, ſhould he ever publiſh his opinions to the world.—

As they can never do the world any injury, returned CLERMONT, I am perfectly indifferent about the matter—Whatever oppoſes a long eſtabliſhed cuſtom, even though it aims to remove a ſuppoſed error,—will be ſure to have the general voice againſt it; — but ingenuous minds, unawed by precedent, — and fearleſs of innovation,—will always hear with candour—and have temper enough to think for themſelves.—ALLEGORY hath placed TRUTH at the bottom of a Well, — on which account ſhe is difficult of acceſs; — and whenever ſhe deigns to viſit us, is a long while emerging.—

We have every reaſon to believe

that *ſpoons* were in ſome ſhape or other, uſed as early as the days of JACOB—but it was near four thouſand years after, before we found out which was the right way to fix *their handles!*

THE

THE FAREWELL.

AS the exerciſe and air which I have enjoyed at this place, have contributed to recruit my health, even beyond my utmoſt expectations, I begin now to turn my thoughts toward the Capital; — the family who have made my reſidence here ſo pleaſurable, being alſo ſoon to remove hence.— Indeed, they only wait the arrival of Captain STERLING, who is daily expected; and will in a few days after that event, return back to town— where I hope it will not be long, before I ſhall be called on, to perform the office of uniting the amiable MARIANNE, with her long-deſtined huſband.—But there are ever many preli-

minaries to be ſettled on theſe occaſions; and the lawyers always claim precedence of the church.—

—Be our preliminaries, my dear JENNY, as ſhort as poſſible!—I have given you my heart—which is all I have to ſettle.—

As it will be neceſſary, before I quit MARGATE, to leave a *Card of Congè* at the door of all my acquaintance, I wiſh to take the ſame opportunity of dropping one with all my readers.—By the time it falls into their hands, we ſhall have travelled almoſt through two volumes together, and they will have ſpent hours enough in my company, to decide whether I am worth their future notice;—if thoſe hours ſhould not have proved unpleaſant, we may probably

probably on ſome other ground, meet again, and renew the acquaintance we have now made;—nor can an author, in bidding farewell to his readers, wiſh for any circumſtance more flattering, than to leave them in a diſpoſition ſo favourable to his intereſt.

THE LONDON HOY.

I HAVE been theſe three days balancing in my mind, whether I ſhould return to town by land, or by water.—The great road, however rich in beautiful proſpects, hath no novelty to me, who have ſo frequently travelled it;—and the courſe of the THAMES, being perfectly new, made me rather incline to truſt the ſea; which, never affecting me with the leaſt ſickneſs, is always both pleaſant, and healthful to me.

—But then there is no conveyance on this element, but the HOYS!—And what does that ſignify?—there are always merry folks aboard;—and I have ſeen them ſo many times go off in ſuch high ſpirits, that I ſhall not

not diſlike to make one among them. —A crowd affords variety, and is never unpleaſant to me, if I have the liberty of ſitting ſtill in it.—

So this matter was finally adjuſted, and La Pierre ſent off to give my ſaddle-horſes ſafe conduct to town.

Clermont would ſee me aboard; —half Margate thronged the Pier-Head,—and the deck of the Hoy ſeemed already covered with paſſengers.—The morning was delicious,—and the ſea wore a moſt inviting appearance;—ſo taking leave of my worthy friend, I ſtepped into the veſſel, and ſeated myſelf at the ſtern, on one ſide of the ſteerage.

No ſooner had we began to puſh off, when *a good voyage* was echoed from an hundred voices at once;—while, *Do not forget that parcel*—

My love to HARRY—*Tell* BETTY *I ſhall ſoon be in town—Remember me to* JOHN—*Have you got your baſket of cold meat?—Take care your bonnet does not blow off—Be ſure give* PEGGY *that letter*;—and a thouſand ſuch other mementos, were reſounded from various quarters.—

—A freſh gale immediately ſpringing up, we perceived, every five minutes, the coaſt of MARGATE diminiſh to our ſight;—and indeed we had our eyes, and attention, called another way, by a fleet of more than forty WEST-INDIAMEN, who were all, like ourſelves, making for the Port of LONDON, but with an eagerneſs, far tranſcending ours, from having traverſed ſuch a length of ſea to arrive at it.

—I began now to have a little leiſure,

to

to ſurvey the cargo we ourſelves had on board.—It conſiſted of a few gentlemen, who, like myſelf, enjoyed a paſſage by ſea;—ſome decent ſhopkeepers, and their wives, who had been waſhing off the ſummer duſt of LONDON,—and the remainder chiefly compoſed of the ſervants of families, that had left MARGATE, who were all extremely communicative, and appeared to have ſpent their time in that happy idleneſs, which ſuch an excurſion from home uſually gives them.—Every creature at MARGATE was *monſtrouſly* polite,—every place about it *immenſely* pretty,—and the ſmuggled tea moſt *extravagantly* cheap.—I might have picked up *anecdotes* and *affectation* to have laſted my life, but the wind kindly blew it half away, before it could enter my ears.—

Being

Being by this time got into the Mid-Channel, the rolling of the ſhip gave a new turn to matters.—The effects of the breeze, which had hitherto ſo briſkened our courſe, began now to be ſenſibly felt by the greater part of the company;—ſome put on a very ſerious countenance, —ſome turned pale, — others complained of a ſwimming in their head, —others, that every thing moved *under* them,—and it was not long after, before it became very apparent, that every thing alſo moved *within* them;—ſo I ſat very quietly, and gathered up the flaps of my coat,—for I hate to carry away the property of any one.

—They will be all the better for it, thought I, when they get home, —and the ſea not much the worſe.—

As

As we ſailed by RECULVER, I could not avoid turning a look of love toward THE SISTERS, while my heart in ſilence, once more bleſſed the names of FRANCES and ISABELLA.

There are writers who, ſteering the ſame courſe that I am, would tell you, that the coaſt of ESSEX lay ſpread along to the right,—and that of KENT to the left;—which would infer a ſuppoſition, that the Reader did not know where he was,—and ſuch ſuppoſition muſt reflect ſome diſcredit on an Author.—Now I have in this work already declared, that I meant profeſſedly to deſcribe nothing; ſo ſhall leave quite unnoticed, the Bays, Creeks, Inlets of leſſer Rivers, and Points of Land, which we paſſed,—contenting myſelf with obſerving, that our whole courſe, and the

the fine weather that illuminated every object, pictured ſuch a ſucceſſion of beautiful ſcenes, as might have furniſhed a variety of SKETCHES, to thoſe who deſcribe in *different colours* to myſelf.—

—My aim is not to paint for the *Eye*,—but for the *Heart!*—

The aſcending ſuch a noble river as the THAMES, cannot but afford to a ſpeculative mind, the higheſt ſatisfaction, from the immenſe traffick which is ſeen carried on by it,—and the amazing number of ſhips, that are ſailing from the firſt commercial city in the world, to convey its arts, and its manufactures to the remote parts of the globe;—while thoſe of other nations are pouring in, to enrich us with the advantage of their varied labours, and furniſh us with thoſe na-

tural productions denied to our own climate. — One contemplates in the proſpect, induſtry protected,—ingenuity rewarded,—the wants of life ſupplied, — the deſires of opulence indulged !—Our enormous Metropolis receives the whole into her port, as the ſtomach does its aliments,—which are immediately taken up, and ſecreted, by unnumbered ducts, and channels, and thence circulated through ten thouſand veins and arteries, — transfuſing national ſtrength and wealth, even to the moſt remote members.—

After enjoying the beautiful winding of the HOPE, we made a ſhort ſtop at GRAVESEND, to put ſome paſſengers aſhore, and drop ſome goods the maſter had on board;—by this circumſtance, we lay a-long-ſide of a Tranſport-

Tranſport-veſſel, that was at anchor off that place, and was conveying upwards of *fourſcore* felons to AMERICA.—Two gentlemen, who had accidentally been my companions in the HOY, had the curioſity to ſtep into the Tranſport; and declared to me at their return, that their humanity was moſt ſenſibly touched, at ſeeing ſo many unfortunate wretches of all ages, from ſixteen, to ſixty, whoſe hardened deportment too ſtrongly teſtified, that even the ſenſe of ſhame, which often outlives the nobler virtues of the mind, in appearance, excited no ſentiment in theirs.

—Heaven protect the country, ſaid I, whither they are going to be tranſplanted!—for they are weeds that muſt diſgrace every ſoil!—It is a melancholy reflection, that neceſſity forces

us every year to expel from the kingdom, ſuch numbers of our fellow-creatures, with whom there is no living but at the riſque of our peace, and ſafety,—and againſt whoſe fraud and villainy, it requires more art to fence ourſelves, than againſt the moſt ſavage animals that ravage the world.—However, as I am going to LONDON, I rejoice to think that there are at leaſt, *fourſcore* fewer rogues in it, than there were, when I came away.—

So with this conſolation, *in petto*, we purſued cheerfully, the remainder of our voyage,—and in about eleven hours from the time we left MARGATE, were ſafely landed at WOOL QUAY.

THE

THE FAMILY-PICTURE.

IT was quite duſk when I got aſhore, and the evening being delightfully ſerene, I was glad, after ſo long a confinement, to ſtretch my legs, and determined to walk home to my lodgings at the weſt end of the town.

—It is a doubt, whether any Capital in EUROPE equals LONDON in populouſneſs, — but it is beyond a doubt, that none vie with it in convenience and cleanlineſs. — I could wiſh thoſe, who may be inclined to diſpute my aſſertion, would conſider the wonderful ſecurity in which near a *million* of people are crowded together,—and the equally wonderful manner in which this *million* are ſupplied with every thing that neceſſity demands,

demands, or extravagance can call for.—The good order preſerved in our ſtreets by day,—the matchleſs utility and beauty of their illumination by night,—and what is, perhaps, the moſt eſſential of all, the aſtoniſhing ſupply of water which is poured into every private houſe, however ſmall, even to profuſion!—the ſuperflux of which clears all the drains and ſewers, and aſſiſts greatly in preſerving good air,—health,—and comfort!—

PARIS may be ſmelt five miles before you arrive at it—MADRID, ten—and all the great cities of FRANCE, and SPAIN, in proportion:—As to thoſe of ITALY, the atmoſphere which ſurrounds them, is ſo impregnated with *Garlick*, that the noſe cannot eaſily analyze the other compounds

which are overpowered by it;—yet in ſpite of all the advantages our metropolis may boaſt, thoſe who are juſt arrived from the purer air of the country, will, every here, and there, at a ſhort turning, or alley-end, catch many an unſavoury whiff, which they would always wiſh to get to the windward of.—

—On theſe occaſions I have commonly recourſe to my ſnuff-box; but its contents were unfortunately exhauſted, by being liberally offered to ſome of my companions in the Hoy,—ſo it occurred to me, to call at my old ſnuff-ſhop in Covent-Garden, and get it repleniſhed; conceiving I might, at the ſame time, pick up a little intelligence, of what was ſtirring in town.—

The ſhop was lighted up, as uſual, and

and two candles ſtanding on the counter,—but the door being bolted, I knocked twice before I gained admiſſion; when the maſter coming from above ſtairs, complimented me on my return home, and on the good looks I had brought back with me.—

I thanked him for his civility,—and my noſe being become very impatient, I whipped my ſnuff-box from my pocket, and borrowed a haſty pinch, from the jar he had taken down.

—I thought as he was filling my box, that his features had more than their uſual glow of good-nature,—and at the ſame time hearing a female voice above ſtairs, accompanied by a guitar,—I fear, ſaid I, that I have called you down from ſome convivial meeting—I hate to ſuſpend any one's pleaſure, even for a mo-

ment—ſo there is my money, and now run up again to your friends.—

You by no means ſuſpend my pleaſure, replied my tobacconiſt;—nay, you will increaſe it, by allowing me to tell you what hath occaſioned it.—It is in truth, a ſcene that might *intereſt your Feelings*.

Two young men, who have for a great length of time lived with me under this roof, have endured the ſevere mortification of ſeeing a worthy father, whoſe talents and ingenuity might have entitled him to a better fate, by a ſeries of misfortunes, thrown into confinement; and by the rigour of an unrelenting creditor, detained there for the greater part of twenty years.—Though their ſituation in life, denied them the power of reſcuing him from his adverſity, yet

they have comforted him conſtantly by their daily viſits, and ſupported both him and his ſecond wife, by the labour of their hands;—ever pouring into his wounded boſom, the balm of filial affection.—An act of grace hath at laſt ſet the diſtreſſed parent at liberty,—and they have this evening been to fetch him home from the forlorn ſcene of Captivity, which hath worn down his grey hairs.—We have made a little ſupper on the occaſion; and had not long finiſhed it, when you knocked at the door.—One of his daughters, whoſe voice you now hear, is come to welcome his return; and as all the family have a muſical turn, ſhe has taken up a guitar to accompany herſelf.—Nothing can at this moment, exceed the tranſport of the father, after experiencing for ſo

many years, the ſeverity of ill fortune, to find himſelf, at laſt, houſed in ſecurity under his children's roof.—

—You paint the ſtory, returned I, as one who ſtrongly ſympathized in the general joy.—You might well call it a ſcene to *intereſt the Feelings*;—on my ſoul, it hath played the deuce with mine,—inſomuch, that I would almoſt give one eye, to peep through a key-hole with the other, and obtain a glimpſe of theſe happy people, without intruding on their delicious moments.—

Why that, Sir, continued the landlord, I could gratify you in,—as there can be no breach either of hoſpitality, or honour, in exhibiting the merits of one's friends, when their actions may not only bear the view, but claim the applauſe of the world.—

The

The little room where they are, has a glaſs folding-door, with a curtain drawn only acroſs the lower half of it,—if you will give yourſelf the trouble to ſtep up with me, on the ſecond ſtairs, you may, unperceived, look over it, and indulge your curioſity.

—I would not have miſſed the ſight for all I ſhall ever be worth on this ſide the grave!—It ſhewed me ſo lovely a FAMILY-PICTURE, as bid defiance to all the efforts of art;—even the pencil of a RAPHAEL,—a TITIAN,—or a GUIDO, would have failed in the attempt—for it was drawn, and coloured, by a greater hand;—by thy inimitable hand, O, NATURE!—who ſhalt ever, to the laſt page I write, remain the object of my adoration!—

—I wiſhed a thouſand times, my

dear JENNY, that thy benevolent heart could have enjoyed it with me!—but I will give you ſome idea, how the canvaſs was diſpoſed, and your ſenſibility will paint the reſt.—

Imagine the whole family grouped round the table on which they had ſupped,—in full view before me conceive the portrait of the father; whoſe features wore the traces of age, and infirmity, poſſibly ſomewhat ſtrengthened by the ſorrows of life, but whoſe countenance was at the ſame time brightened by ſo placid an eye, as indicated a mind ſuperior to them all!—On either ſide of him, ſat his good ſons,—and next to them, his wife, the faithful partner of his afflictions.—Oppoſite to her, appeared the vacant chair from whence I had ſo abruptly ſummoned my conductor,

who

who now ſtood by me,—while the daughter whoſe voice I had heard from below, and the friendly miſtreſs of the houſe, who had prepared them this little entertainment, filled up the remainder of this happy circle.

The daughter was ſtill ſinging to her guitar — they were ſoothing, plaintive notes; — but my mind was too occupied to attend to ſounds— it was watching the characters which compoſed this ſingular picture, and marking attentively the expreſſions of cordiality and love, which, during the ſong, were ſhot from eye to eye.—Often did the good old man caſt looks of tranſport on each of his family, one after the other, — then fix his attention on his child, whoſe voice was welcoming his return,— while, at intervals, his hands and

eyes

eyes were uplifted, in ſilent gratitude, to that PROVIDENCE who had, after trials ſo ſevere, at laſt brought him home in peace.—

—As ſoon as the ſong was ended, he beckoned his daughter to approch him; — when, taking her by the arm, he gently pulled her down to his cheek, and hid his face in her neck. — The miſtreſs of the houſe now puſhed nearer to him, a glaſs of wine, which had been poured out, and had long ſtood before him, unregarded, on the table; — he placidly drank it off; and ſurveying all around him, with a look of meaſureleſs contentment, ſtretched out his hands on his two ſons, who were beſide him, which were inſtantly preſſed in theirs with the utmoſt fervor;— while, in their features, were pictured

tured all thoſe delicate emotions of the heart, which NATURE has alone entruſted to the human countenance to expreſs, and which the efforts of language are far too feeble to convey.—

—Believe me, my dear JENNY, there was not a dry eye in all the room; —nay, and I might add, on the ſtairs neither—for I more than once, obſerved my honeſt tobacconiſt paſs his hand before his face.—

—There are tears of *pleaſure* as well as tears of *diſtreſs!*—the latter are excited by *our own* ſufferings,—the former are the involuntary tribute which *Senſibility* pays to *Virtue!*—

I lament, ſaid I, turning round to my companion, that this PICTURE you have ſhewn me, which glows with ſo many lovely tints that affection hath

hath ſpread over it, ſhould be concealed in your little apartment,—it ought to be exhibited to the Public; —the view of it might ſerve to confirm the Good, and ſhame the Unfeeling!—Nor could I quit the ſcene I had been contemplating, without breathing this benediction over it:

—Heaven proſper you, children of Virtue! — nay, and it will proſper you,—for you have given the world a noble example of filial piety!—and if loſt in its diſſipations, it ſhould overlook the unurged claims you have on it, — yet have you treaſured up in your own boſoms, thoſe enviable feelings of conſcious rectitude, which it never can take from you, — and which, without hearts like yours, it hath not in its power to beſtow!—

I walked home with ſo light and heedleſs

heedleſs a foot, by having my mind totally occupied with all I had juſt been ſpectator of, that I ran againſt half a dozen poſts, and at leaſt treble as many paſſengers *.—

I pity, from my ſoul, the gloomy temperament of the Satyriſt, whoſe delight is to view only the unfavourable

* It having come to my knowledge, that all the parties, excepting one, from whom this Scene of NATURE was SKETCHED, are ſtill exiſting—Death having only wiped from the canvaſs the aged Father,—and as I have found that many of my Readers have been intereſted by this FAMILY-PICTURE; I eſteem it a tribute due to the characters of the Sons, who ſo much embelliſh the PIECE, to ſay they are the children of the late Mr. PLENIUS, well known in the muſical world, and particularly for his invention of that complicated inſtrument the LYRICHORD.

able ſide of life.—The imperfections of humanity may never leave his ſpleen deſtitute of a ſubject;—yet I am inclined to believe, for the honour of PROVIDENCE and NATURE, that there ever has been a proportionate degree of benevolence in the world.—Thoſe virtues that moſt *adorn*, and *endear* ſociety, are confined to a limited circle.—Could we ſteal in on the privacies of domeſtic life, I am confident we ſhould ſee many more actions and characters to admire, and reſpect, than we are in general inclined to ſuppoſe.—

When I arrived at my lodgings, LA PIERRE met me in the paſſage with a countenance that, quicker than his tongue, told me, all was well—and that my *old horſe* had performed the journey—*à merveilles*.

My truſty Valet had made the beſt arrangement he could of every thing in my apartment.—My Sea-Biſcuit, my Capillaire, and my Slippers, which conſtitute a part of his evening ſervice, were all placed in order;—ſo that I had nothing to do, but to ſwallow a mouthful of refreſhment, enquire of him the trivial occurrences of the road, and retire to my chamber.

—I do not recollect, in all my life, to have ever paſſed a more delicious night;—for I ſlept till late the next morning, without the ſmalleſt interruption,—and aroſe in the fineſt ſpirits imaginable:—Nor will I ever be perſuaded, to this moment, that it was half ſo much occaſioned by the exerciſe, and fatigue, of the preceding day,

day,—as it was, by my having gone to bed—IN PERFECT GOOD HUMOUR WITH THE WORLD.

THE END.